

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1882.

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An Old-Established Periodical.

AMONGST the crowd of Almanacs, Annuals, and Christmas Numbers which press forward to court public favour almost before September is well over, one of the latest to come from the publishers is the familiar paper-bound volume, known as the *Catholic Directory*. The independence which can afford to disregard the general rush and scramble is now-a-days a mark of distinction. It is unmistakeable evidence of a sure circulation, and it probably implies also, in the present case, a more than usual care in revising proofs and a wish to include as many recent changes as possible. Whatever may be said to be the shortcomings of Catholic journalism in other respects, no one will dispute that our *Directory* at any rate is a highly respectable institution, and that it deserves to be valued accordingly.

Looking at the clear printing, the well-filled pages, and the ever-swelling statistics of the new number, we shall find little, except the contrast, to remind us of the position of the Church in England in the middle of the last century. No one would suspect that what seems a very monument of modern Catholic development can trace its origin back to days of persecution, before even the first measure had been passed for the mitigation of the penal laws. Yet when Messrs. Burns and Oates on their title-page describe the present as the forty-fifth annual publication, they are, it may be fairly urged, too modest in their claim by some seventy or eighty years. The *Catholic Directory* issued in 1837 was not in any way a new departure; it was identical in its scope and in its contents with the far older *Laity's Directory*, which after two years' competition it supplanted with full episcopal sanction. Now the *Laity's Directory* dates back to the reign of George the Second, and thus if this genealogy be accepted, we have now the one hundred and twenty-fourth issue instead of the forty-fifth. In this way our modest Catholic Calendar, if I am not mistaken, is older than any Almanac or publication of the same class now printed

in England. Comparing it with other periodicals, it takes precedence by many years of the *Times*, the *Quarterlies*, the daily papers, and nearly all our monthly journals; it is contemporary with the *Annual Register*; and only the *Gentleman's Magazine*, perhaps, and a very few town and provincial newspapers can claim undoubted seniority.

A complete set of the *Directories* from the beginning to the present day would form both a valuable and an interesting possession, but it is to be feared that none such exists in any of our Catholic libraries. We cannot reasonably expect that any book-lovers would have preserved uninterruptedly a brochure so insignificant, so much worn by almost daily use, and appearing so rarely. Still a few odd numbers are no doubt to be met with here and there. In the library of the Rev. H. Campbell, now at Beaumont College, there is a collection of a dozen or so of these little volumes belonging to various years from 1765 to 1800, as well as a tolerably complete set of those of the present century. In the British Museum may be found all the numbers published since 1790, and five or six more earlier than that date. It is hoped that a few notes on the history and the contents of our old *Directories*, as gathered from these two sources may prove of interest to the Catholic reader.

Considerable uncertainty, seems to have existed hitherto as to the date at which the *Laity's Directory* began to be published,¹ but an advertisement appended to a later issue, makes it clear that the first number was brought out for the year 1759. The full title of all the early numbers is, *The Laity's Directory; or, the Order of the Church Services on Sundays and Holydays, with several other useful observations*. They consisted of twenty-four leaves, 12mo size, without printer's name or price. Besides the calendar, and a few brief notes on indulgences, there was a supplement of some continuous narrative of a religious character, which was cut into paragraphs and inserted between the different months. The *Acts of the Martyrs*, a translation from the Latin, thus kept appearing by fragments over a space of more than twenty years. These *Acts* form a convenient test for distinguishing the *Laity's Directory* from a rival publication, which strangely enough was issued within a few years of the first. The new

¹ A year or two ago the *Directory* used to contain a note stating that the *Laity's Directory* was published for the first time in 1793. This is of course quite incorrect, although it is true that the list of London chapels was first printed in that year.

Directory bears the same title, but adds the words, "By permission and with approbation," it has no narrative separating the months of the calendar, and contains a religious discourse, entitled, "A New Year's Gift," as well as advertisements of books published by J. Coghlan.

One would have thought that a single edition of the *Directory* might have satisfied the needs of the small community of English Catholics, but the publishers would have it otherwise. That want of union which was almost as great a curse to the Catholic body in England after the Reformation as the penal laws themselves, crops up, and that more than once, even in the mutual relations of their booksellers. What seems to have happened is this. The publisher, J. Coghlan, of Duke Street, was the authorized printer of the *Ordo* for the clergy. Another publisher² conceived the idea of translating the Latin *Ordo* for the benefit of the laity, and without asking any permission, put his idea into practice in the year 1759. Coghlan, indignant at what he considered a breach of copyright, raised a great opposition against the undertaking, and after a short interval brought out an English *Directory* of his own with a "New Year's Gift" as described above. The earliest copy I have seen in this form bears date 1768, and after parading its own *permissu superiorum*, prints in a note the following pointed warning for the benefit of the rival publication.

N.B.—That the Fifth Council of Lateran, sess. x., and the Council of Trent, sess. iv., have strictly forbidden the printing or publishing of any book relating to religious matters without the license and approbation of the Bishop.

The compiler of the other *Directory* managed to survive the threatened anathemas, and naturally considered himself aggrieved at being menaced with ecclesiastical pains and penalties by his more authorized rival. To his number for 1765 he prefixes an address, of which I quote the first few sentences.

Kind readers,—We should think ourselves extremely ungrateful if we did not return you our sincere thanks, for the great encouragement

² Very probably, I think, J. Marmaduke, of Long Acre. The type and paper with which the *Directory* was printed seem undoubtedly the same as that used for his books. The omission of the name may very probably be due to a monopoly then still claimed by the Stationers' Company, in virtue of which the right of printing all Almanacs was reserved to them. This monopoly was disallowed by the Court of Common Pleas in a suit against a bookseller named Carnan in 1775; after which date we find Coghlan's name always affixed to his Directories.

you give us in our annual production, especially since such mighty endeavours are still used to crush and stifle it ; but upon what motives or for what reason we are entirely ignorant. For the publisher by our order acquainted the person who first spread the false reports about it and began the unjust opposition, that if he could point out anything worthy of censure it should be cancelled ; but as he did not it was natural to conclude he could find no such matter in it. . . .

There can be little doubt that these words refer to the opposition of Coghlan. In 1774 the same compiler again complains of opposition and urges his claim to priority.

The public finding the great utility of such a *Directory*, the publisher of this, being the original contriver of it, had great reason to expect their encouragement of his, as a gratitude due to every promoter of a common good ; for if he had not thought of it they perhaps would not have had one to this day. . . . But on the contrary, having long lain under a great deal of ill-treatment by reason of maintaining his property of this *Directory*, and his innocence of what is industriously laid to his charge, and finding no other means of rescuing himself from them consistent with Christian liberty, he now proposes to sell off his stock-in-trade at a very low rate.

This is rather a bathos : poor Mr. Marmaduke begins in a high moral tone and with a lofty declaration of virtue, and ends by what looks very like the advertisement of a bankrupt tradesman. But he did but withdraw from the contest in order to gain strength for a fresh endeavour, and although for a year or two Coghlan had the field to himself, in 1785 the opposition *Directory* appears again, this time with the title of the ORIGINAL *Laity's Directory*, decorated also with sundry epigrammatic hints and inuendos. Once more it pulls out the pious stop—*Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam*, or *Authority is a term Unintelligible*, is inserted in a vacant space on one of the concluding pages. It seems not to have been published after 1788, and this we may notice was the year of Marmaduke's death. Perhaps the struggle with the too powerful Coghlan hastened his premature end ; at all events, it left his rival triumphant, and we hear no more of any attempt to oppose him. In 1796 Coghlan raised the price of his *Directory* from fourpence to sixpence. For some years past its bulk had been increasing until it reached about ninety pages, including twenty of book advertisements, and it now comprised many other matters besides the calendar and new year's gift. In 1801 the proprietorship passed into the hands of the firm of Keating and

Brown, the latter a nephew of Coghlan, and with them it remained for nearly forty years, though it cannot be said that they did much to improve the Directory whilst they owned it. A portrait was added, the list of chapels for the whole of England and the priests serving them was made more complete, and an account was given of various Catholic charitable institutions.

If any one should undertake to write the history of our Catholic booksellers during the first half of this century, he will no doubt find that his subject is in many ways a very unpleasant one. He will have to speak in detail of a number of trivial and often ill-natured disputes, which kept springing up almost without intermission first in one direction and then in another. He will have to describe the heart-burnings, the bickerings, the imputations of selfishness, the money differences of well-meaning but narrow-minded men, each of whom honestly believed that he was irreproachable on the score of Christian charity. At one time we have Andrews, in his *Journal*, melodramatically complaining of the ingratitude of the whole Catholic public, or bitterly charging Cuddon with failing to meet his pecuniary obligations. At another we find Keating and Brown striving to defend themselves against a publicly-spoken accusation that their prices were extortionate, or devoting long articles in the *Catholicon* to a personal attack on Andrews. Amid such a state of things the publishers of the *Laily's Directory* became very jealous of what they considered their rights, and rebuked the slightest appearance of poaching in their preserves. In 1828, alarmed apparently at the publication of Cuddon's *Universal Pocket-Book*, which contained a calendar, they invoked the authority of the Church, and obtained from Dr. Poynter a declaration that their Directory was the only one authorized by the Vicars-Apostolic. This, however, did not prevent the publishers of the *Catholic Magazine*, in 1837, from projecting an opposition Annual. Alleging as a pretext that Messrs. Keating and Brown refused to make the needful improvements in the older periodical, they issued a new *CATHOLIC Directory*, without episcopal sanction, and treated the remonstrances of the old firm with satirical comments on the disinterestedness of certain people, whose "devoted services to the Catholic cause" were chiefly rendered in consideration of a full pecuniary equivalent. Mr. Keating, in the number for 1839, speaks bitterly of "a dishonourable competition," but declares

that he is unwilling "to make his Directory a vehicle of contention and scandal by any further protest. This was the last issue of the *AIRY'S Directory*, for in the course of the next year some differences of a more domestic character arose between Mr. Keating and Mr. Brown's widow, and the partnership was accordingly dissolved by mutual consent. There were recriminations on both sides, and each continued the business separately, but the Directory passed into the hands of the rival firm, and appeared next year with the *Permissu Superiorum*, and an amicable advertisement of the books sold by both its former proprietors.

I need not say much of the subsequent history of the Directory. In 1855 Messrs. Burns and Lambert became the publishers, and since then this firm have never slackened in their efforts to make the work as complete as possible. Some competition was offered for a year or two by an annual calling itself the *Metropolitan and Provincial Almanac*, but it made no way in the face of the superior accuracy of the *Catholic Directory*. In 1856 the price was raised to one shilling and sixpence, nor has it undergone any material change since then, either in size or in the character of its contents.

To return now to those rare early numbers of the Directory published before the beginning of the present century. The first thing that claims our attention is the Calendar itself, the stock upon which all later developments have been grafted. It is not at all consoling or complimentary to ourselves, with its catalogue of feasts and fast-days. A Lent rigidly excluding meat on all days except Sunday, every Friday (save those in Paschal time) marked as a fast-day, every Saturday in the year a day of abstinence, thirty-four holidays of obligation, and more than a dozen vigils and rogation-days—these were the works of penance and religion which our great-grandfathers had to reconcile themselves to at the beginning of the year. It would be amusing to witness the consternation of many of our modern Catholics, who still find Lent a hardship, in spite of meat dinners and a collation of milk and butter, if they were forced to go through such a programme for a twelvemonth.

The degrees by which the severer obligations of early times were relaxed can be accurately traced in the calendars. In 1778, for the first time, the holidays of obligation were reduced to eleven, and several of the vigils were done away with. Before 1785 a dispensation had been granted, which remitted the

general fast on all Fridays of the year, but which still left two days of abstinence in each week. If we may judge from a letter addressed to the *Catholic Miscellany* in 1822, to ask by what right many English Catholics considered themselves dispensed from abstinence on Saturdays, some laxity appears to have grown up in this matter, as is the case in many parts of the Continent at the present day. No doubt fish-days caused special inconvenience in a Protestant country, and accordingly, in 1830, the Vicars-Apostolic asked for and obtained a decree of the Propaganda by which the second day's abstinence was remitted.³

Beyond the Calendar, there is not much to notice in the Directories printed before 1790. One is surprised to find the name of Baskerville, the renowned printer and type-founder, on the title-page of Coghlan's edition from 1776 to 1778; and the extensive advertisements of books published by Meighan, Coghlan, Marmaduke, and others, will be of great interest to the future Catholic bibliographer. But in 1789 a new feature appears, which was afterwards to occupy a large proportion of the space of the Directory. "Mr. Jones," we are there informed, "writing-master and accomptant, of Bridzor, Wilts, undertakes the education of boys upon the terms of eleven guineas per annum." Within a year or two we have other advertisements of the same character, including those of Sedgley Park and the Barr Convent at York. In 1795 occurs mention of the "Gentlemen of the English Academy at Liege, now settled at Stonyhurst." The full prospectus is found in the issue for 1798, some extracts from which may prove interesting to those who still remember the College in the old days. The pension for ordinary pupils is forty guineas, a comparatively high figure for that date. For this charge, however, books, and even clothes were provided, when the outfit with which the boys entered was worn out.

From paragraph 3 we learn—

The Sunday or holy-day dress is uniform, and consists of a plain coat of superfine blue cloth, with yellow buttons, red cloth or kerseymere waistcoats. The use of silk is not permitted.

³ It may be noted, however, that this dispensation is only granted *durantibus circumstantiis*, so that if the day shall come for us in England when the decrees of the Council of Trent shall be published, when the *Index Librorum prohibitorum* shall be strictly enforced, when religious shall be enjoined to appear abroad in their habits, and it shall be compulsory on all clerics to wear the tonsure, it may then be that with these relaxations from the strictness of the Church's laws will cease also the general exemption from the Saturday abstinence.

5. The scholars are taught Latin, Greek, and all the branches of a classical education, sacred and profane history, geography, arithmetic; and when sufficiently advanced, algebra and geometry, with all the other parts of the mathematics, in the respective classes. Particular care is taken that they learn to read well and write a good hand; and that they speak and write French with accuracy. Four times a year the scholars are called to a public examination of what they have been taught. Those who have made extraordinary progress are honoured and rewarded. The idle, for punishment, are confined in the vacation to certain extraordinary hours of study during play-time, in order to repair what they have neglected to learn in school; and therefore, if they are found defective in the last and most important examen of the year before the long vacation, parents will be requested not to call them home at that time.

Masters in our degenerate days will sometimes be tempted to wish that they had still in their hands so efficient a means of stimulating the energies of their pupils. With pupils, however, these regulations would certainly not be popular; nor will the following be more likely to meet with approbation:

11. As long experience has convinced the directors, that a profusion of pocket-money is very prejudicial, not only to good order, but even to study and application, they therefore request that parents will not be forward in indulging their children in more than a guinea at most per annum for this purpose; and this must indispensably be placed in the hands of one of their masters for their occasional little wants.

Then, after announcing that the vacation lasts for exactly one month, from the 15th of August to the 15th of September, and insisting upon punctuality of return, it is added—

Absence from school at no other time will be permitted. It is, indeed, the most serious and earnest desire of the directors that the children should never be called home during the course of their education, as they have found by experience that such avocations have often proved prejudicial not only to study and application, but even to content and happiness.

I have quoted these passages at length because they do not describe the practice of Stonyhurst merely, but represent the ideas which prevailed at nearly all our Catholic Colleges at the same period. The reader will, perhaps, have patience with another short quotation from the Sedgley Park Prospectus, which illustrates the same dislike to the boys going home, and which is also remarkable as a specimen of syntax. It is given *verbatim* and "*punctatim*."

It is requested that parents will not call their children home, but rather see them at the school, or send some prudent person to do so, who may converse with them alone—vacancies or absence being very prejudicial and is what the Superiors of this place do not admit of.

Although it is only fair to add that the wording of this passage was changed in the next year's advertisement, still it may be remarked here that the English we find in different parts of the Directories is often, to say the least of it, somewhat grotesque, and seems, as it were, half a century older than the English of the Edinburgh Reviewers, for instance, who began to write very shortly afterwards. The story of the pert young lady who told Dr. Milner in the early days of his missionary career, "Take this book, sir, and read it *if you can*," shows what the general opinion then was of the English education of our priests; and this opinion is justified rather than contradicted by much that we find in the old Directories. When we hear of the boys, or "eleves," as they are sometimes called, "contending for precedence," or are puzzled at their "avocations from school," their "examens" and their "premiums:" when we are taught to believe that it is a "holy cogitacion" to pray for the dead; or find a publisher recommending his wares before those of a rival Catholic firm "because they are not swelled out by unnecessary matter, so as to be easy of purchase by the unaffluent," there is no reason for surprise if our Catholic ancestors were considered to speak and write English somewhat quaintly and pedantically.

Another new feature, introduced for the first time in 1793, falls in more than the rest with the popular idea of a Directory. It is a list of the Catholic chapels in or near London, together with a few notes on the number of the priests attached to them, and the hours of their services. Some of these chapels have now ceased to exist, but their names will recall associations in the minds of many old Catholics, who can still remember the days when it was a high compliment to the noblest temple of Catholic worship to say that it "had the appearance of a church at first entrance."

The list is headed "Chapels in and near to London." I omit the details of services.

1. Virginia Street, Ratcliffe Highway, supported by subscription, 3 chaplains.
2. White Street, Little Moorfields, supported by subscription, 4 chaplains.

3. St. George's Chapel, near the New Market, London Road, St. George's Fields, supported by subscription, 2 chaplains.

4. Sardinian Chapel, Duke Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, supported by the King of Sardinia, 7 chaplains. "A spacious building," we are told, "which, at the very entrance, inspires with a reverential awe."

5. St. Patrick's Chapel, Sutton Street, Soho Square, then only just opened, and the compiler adds, "we can only observe that it is particularly patronized by the worthy Prelate who presides over this district." This also was to be supported by a general subscription.

6. Bavarian Chapel, Warwick Street, Golden Square, supported partly by the Duke of Bavaria, and partly by subscription, 5 chaplains.

7. Neapolitan Chapel, Old Bond Street, supported by the King of Naples and Sicily.

8. Portuguese Chapel, South Street, Grosvenor Square, supported by the Queen of Portugal, 8 chaplains.

9. The Spanish Chapel, in Spanish Place, Manchester Square.

"This chapel, said to be built on the plan of a most august and noble pile at Rome, has the appearance of a church at first entrance." Supported by the King of Spain, 5 chaplains.

Then follows a list of the chapels near London, mostly supported by subscription, and each served by one chaplain. They are: Ham Lane, near Stratford; Solomon House, Clapton; Salisbury House, Rotherhithe; Clark's Buildings, Greenwich (then just opened); Vineyard, Richmond; Shrewsbury House, Isleworth; Hammersmith; Brook Green, near Hammersmith; in the Grove, Hampstead Road.

Thus, in 1793, we have altogether in London and its neighbourhood eighteen Catholic chapels, with some fifty priests to serve them, the majority of whom were supported by foreign Governments. At present, as far as can be judged by a rough calculation made from this year's Directory, there are within the same limits about ninety churches and chapels, where the faithful are admitted to hear Mass, and more than three hundred priests, who, though not all engaged in mission work, are residing, at least, within the metropolitan area.

The hours of service are much the same as those we are accustomed to, except that the Vespers on Sundays generally began at three in the afternoon. The foreign chapels also, being well supplied with priests, had Masses said on Sunday, after the Continental fashion, as late as twelve or one o'clock. The English chapels were earlier, and one of them, that of St. Patrick, Soho Square, emphatically and somewhat humourously announces that—

As it is prejudicial to the constitutions of the few clergy we have to serve this country to say Mass at late hours, and only occasions indolence in the laity—so no Mass in this chapel will be after the eleven o'clock—

a strong-minded example, for which the hard-worked London priests ought to have been grateful to the writer.

In the absence of all Catholic newspapers or magazines, the Directory now began to be made the vehicle for any proclamation or item of intelligence that might be generally interesting to members of the Church. Thus a very interesting paper is to be found in the Directory for 1793, explaining the precise nature of the relief granted by the Toleration Act of two years previously. Catholics, are informed, for instance, that the importation of many religious objects—"POPISH—*Agnus Dei*s, crosses, pictures, beads, or such vain and superstitious things," as also "Primers, Missals, Breviaries, Portals, &c.," still incurs the penalties of *Præmunire*; and the writer asserts that these clauses, which are taken from Crouch's *British Customs*, "are still applied to and literally enforced by the persons who are in office." These and many other notices, both of earlier and later date, will be useful to the future Catholic historian of this period. Amongst the rest I may point out that on page 23 of the advertisements in the number for 1792 is a most valuable—

List of the Occasional Prints of the affairs of English Roman Catholics, inserted by the request of several gentlemen who wish to complete their sets for binding.

Not less important are three papers contributed by Dr. Milner to three successive numbers of the Directory a few years later, on the "Sufferings of the English Communities in France during the Revolution." Dr. Milner was in the best position for obtaining accurate information, and his narrative, though brief, is most interesting.

The limits of this article forbid me to give any further details of the contents of our Directories, but I must find room for one more extract from a curious document, twice printed between 1790 and 1800. It is entitled—

AN EXHORTATION to Decent Behaviour in CHAPELS, by the late Rev. Francis Blyth, D.C.S.T.P. ; from his original MS. preserved at the Portuguese Chapel. [South Street, Grosvenor Square.]

The capitals are in the original.

1. The Sex are prayed to forbear the unbecoming freedom of approaching to COMMUNION with HATS or BONNETS on. For besides its being a confidence too gross for persons in any rank of life to use in so solemn an act, it exposes God's minister either to the danger of dropping the Sacred Host, or to the unseemly appearance of stooping to peep in their faces. St. Paul orders their heads to be covered but not to be muffled. If Modesty then be their plea, a HOOD will equally answer their purpose, and if it should be less modish, it will at least be more respectful and fitter for the occasion.

2. The more than masculine boldness of stalking into Church with PATTINS [*sic*] on (a liberty not to be allowed in places of Divine Worship even by sectaries), or loudly flinging them on the floor when in it; or any CLATTERS with their persons or their chairs, to the common disturbance of priest and people; also the shameful act of SEE-SAWING in their chairs as if to court a nap. Which last two articles regard both sexes alike as well as the following.

These further offences consist in *Hawking, Spitting, Sprawling about in Chapel, Stamping, and Bouncing in and out*, which are denounced with considerable vigour of expression. The Exhortation continues—

Indecencies like these may be overlooked in a playhouse but are scandalous in a Church. To avoid them the common people are exhorted to mind the decent behaviour of their betters; who being in general too pious and well-bred to stumble into such profanations will doubtless set them a very opposite example.

Some twenty pages at the end of each Directory are occupied with advertisements, mostly catalogues of books, but comprising also notices of a more general character. Among the rest there is an advertisement of certain medicinal preparations, which many of my readers may remember to have seen still surviving in the early days of the new Catholic Directory. It affords an indication perhaps somewhat equivocal, of the mysterious virtue still attributed to the name of Jesuit after the suppression of the Society, this medical reputation having no doubt been acquired by their introduction of the Cinchona, or quinine, then almost universally called Jesuit's bark. The publisher informs us then that he has for sale—

1st, the JESUIT'S NERVOUS PILLS—calculated to prevent and extirpate every disorder of the nerves, and effectual against Palsies, Apoplexies and most of the diseases which attend the human frame; 2dly, the MEDICATED SNUFF—a Cephalic of many virtues, prepared from the original receipt found in the Jesuits' Library; 3dly, THE

JESUIT'S BALSAMIC CORDIAL—particularly serviceable in any Complaints of the Nerves, Fevers, Headache, internal Bleeding, &c., and withal so innocent in the composition that Children may take it though they be ever so young, without the least danger of getting cold.

This last preparation, though, like the rest, an effectual remedy for most human maladies, seems from the directions appended to have been particularly designed for administering in doses to "new-born infants." Finally we have—

THE TRUE ST. IGNATIUS OR JESUIT'S BEAN, price 5s. each, which being steeped three or four hours in a vessel of water affords a most excellent bitter, which water when taken inwardly, fortifies and strengthens the stomach, &c., &c.

And, it is added, for the consolation of those who might think the price excessive, that "a long and constant use causes but little waste in the bean itself." Chaucer's Pardoner, if I remember rightly, recommends his brass shoulder-bone "of an holy Jewes shepe" with a somewhat similar argument.

An assailant of Mr. Keating's seems to have called him to account sometime afterwards for selling such quackery and allowing it to be advertised in an authorized Catholic periodical, the enquirer desiring to be informed if Mr. Keating claimed the permission of the Vicar-Apostolic as a recognition of the many virtues of his pills and his "cephalic." To this the publisher gravely replies that the "*permissu superiorum*" has reference to the calendar only, and as for the medicines, that since they were the property of two old ladies, his relatives, he continued to sell them for the excellent reason that the ladies in question had no other source of income. One might almost have imagined that the incident had suggested to George Eliot her idea of Mrs. Holt and the Elixir—poor Mrs. Holt who could never be brought to understand the view of her masterful son, that all one's responsibilities to the public were not summed up in the gumming on of the labels the right side upwards.

And now it is high time to bring these rambling notes to a close. I will only remark, on taking leave of my reader, that he will find in turning over the pages of these old Directories many other trivial, but none the less interesting, memorials of a period whose remoteness from our own, is not to be measured by mere lapse of years.

H. THURSTON.

A Week in Tunis in 1879.

ANCHORING at daybreak off Goletta, we could see the white buildings of Tunis on a hill at the head of the lake, some twenty miles distant. The ruins of Carthage were on our right, along the shore of the Mediterranean, and close to our anchorage were some Italian and French vessels of war. Happily the weather was fine, for the boats, into which we were crowded with our luggage and a lot of Italian boatmen and Arab dragomen, were something like rafts or catamarans, very apt to make one feel nervous. As soon as we landed at the Seraglio, our luggage was examined by an officer wearing a tarboosh with some Arabic letters in gold. The rusty bars and deserted look of the Seraglio were quite in keeping with the guard, which consisted of an old one-eyed Arab, who was seated cross-legged, mending his slippers. It was only a hundred yards to the railway station, but the dragoman, who was in collusion with the porters, made us pay twenty piastres more to carry up our portmanteau there.

The railway was admirably managed, in English hands, and the carriages were well suited for the climate. During the journey to Tunis, along the lake, we could walk on a shaded gangway from one carriage to another the whole length of the train. This gangway was used by the gentlemen for smoking, and served also to keep the carriages very cool. At the terminus, outside Tunis, we found no omnibus or vehicle of any kind, and were forced to hire five Arabs with a species of wheelbarrow to take our luggage to the Frank quarter. Before reaching the city gates we saw some handsome villas, especially that of M. Roustan, French Consul General, at whose door was a group of men in various uniforms, with tarbooshes and braided jackets. A thousand street-cries in Arabic assailed our ears as we entered the city gates and found ourselves in the Great Square of Tunis, where the merchants met every morning. It was a wretched little piazza, about fifty yards on each side, with

two houses of better appearance than the rest: one was the office of Sir Richard Wood, Her Majesty's Diplomatic Agent; the other an "English store," the owner of which was a Genoese. Although it was Sunday, the square was so crowded with dealers that we found it difficult to make our way to the street leading into the Frank quarter. We passed the Austrian Consulate, the French Post Office, Rubattino's steamboat agency, and safely reached the hotel of Signor Bertrand, the only one in this city of 200,000 souls. The bell of the Latin convent of Capuchin friars was tolling for Mass, and numbers of women wearing the *faldetta*, or black hood of the Maltese, were hastening to prayers. As the Mahometans have no bells, it struck me as a proof of the Pasha's tolerant rule that the Capuchins were allowed to ring theirs.

In the afternoon some snake charmers came to perform in front of the hotel. The snakes coiled round their necks, and played many tricks, but at last one seemed to get angry, and bit its master just under the eye. Blood ran down the Arab's cheek, but the landlord told us it was a regular part of the performance.

We did not attempt to go out after dark, for although Tunis had gas-lamps, they had not been lighted for fifteen months, as the Pasha found gas too costly a luxury. Nor should we have felt quite safe in a city without police, for Tunis had none of the institutions that one is accustomed to in Europe—neither newspapers, hospitals, police, gas, drainage, water-supply, cabs, paving, museums, fire-brigade, restaurants, or telegraph offices. Some months previously an Italian *empresario* announced an opera troupe, to play *Hernani*; but when the curtain rose, the players said they would not sing until their wages were paid.

Tunis did not strike me as a place of wealth, but the bazaars seemed to me very fine, as I had not yet seen those of Cairo. Pottery and leather manufactures showed much skill and taste, and the great industry was making tarbooshes, or red caps, of which the Tunisians sell a million every year, supplying all the markets as far as Syria. We saw none of the imitation Moorish antiques, made at Birmingham, which were so common in Algiers. Manchester goods were very plentiful, and mostly in the hands of the Jews. On Monday afternoon we saw the Cadi selling by auction the effects of a shopkeeper who had failed on Sunday. No law expenses were allowed: the Cadi divided the proceeds among the creditors, and when all was over said

something in Arabic which sounded like: "Allah be praised! We have no bankruptcy laws in Tunis."

In a city of three hundred mosques and seven synagogues, it may be inferred that Moslems and Jews agree pretty well. I noticed that the latter were allowed to wear shoes, and in fact enjoyed complete toleration. Like the Christians, they adopted the tarboosh, or Turkish cap. But the Jewish women wore a hideous costume, with trousers so extraordinary as to shock a stranger. The Frank population consisted mostly of Italian artisans or Maltese coral fishers. The better class of Europeans was small, many of the consuls, including Sir Richard Wood, preferring to reside at the village of Marsa, on the coast, beyond Carthage. About sunset there was a regular promenade on the boulevard outside the gate, attended by a dozen or so of ladies, who dressed in French style and spoke Italian.

We were some days in Tunis looking for Mr. P——, a steam-boat agent, who was the only English resident that we heard of during our stay. My husband wanted to find out about some steamer expected from Liverpool *en route* for Malta or Tripoli. At first several persons thought they knew Mr. P——, and one even believed he had seen him a few months before. It was admitted by the Italian who kept the "English store" that there was another Englishman besides Sir Richard Wood, Her Majesty's Consul General, but he said he had never had any office or fixed residence. On the fourth day of these researches we found a French lady who told us her husband was an Englishman, and this proved correct; but he was not Mr. P——, nor had he ever heard of him. We therefore concluded that the mysterious Mr. P—— did not exist, unless he was one of the Englishmen at Goletta connected with the railway.

The Consul kindly gave us a document similar to a passport, to enable us to visit the Palace of El Bardo, where the Pasha, Mahommed Sadok, lived in barbaric splendour, about five miles from the city. The driver took us through a succession of dirty thoroughfares from the Frank quarter to the southern gate of Tunis: long lanes with dead walls on either side, and frequent heaps of rubbish, on which cats were basking in the sun and poultry struggling to pick up a subsistence; or narrow streets of wretched Arab tenements with low doorways, whose inhabitants bore an aspect of squalid poverty. We passed in succession three Arab cemeteries, so badly kept that I should have taken them for a common or a piece of waste

ground but for the two stones marking the head and foot of each grave. There were no monuments or railings, no flowers, not even a boundary wall to keep donkeys from roaming about in quest of a mouthful of grass. As soon as we got outside the city gate we breathed a fresher atmosphere, and saw the pleasant outline of the hills as our road passed under the great aqueduct built by the Spaniards. On our left was the artillery fort and magazine, which commanded the approaches on the southern side, and on our right the Pasha's stables, where his Highness has some fine Arab and English horses.

At first view El Bardo looked like a town, the buildings having none of the uniformity or finish of a palace, but the straggling aspect of numerous irregular piles, covering the hill-side that looked towards Tunis. On reaching the outer gate we were not challenged by the sentry, but the coachman drove across a large paved courtyard, where officers were talking and smoking in groups. A second covered archway led us into a narrow passage, which somewhat resembled a bazaar. Soldiers were on guard, with rifles or muskets apparently of the newest fashion, and beyond these on each side we saw little shops of various kinds which had so many hucksters that the population of El Bardo must be considerable. On reaching an inner gateway we left our carriage and entered the courtyard of the Seraglio, the gloomy walls with barred windows sending a chill through every fibre as I looked up on either side. We ascended a flight of stone steps with a roughly carved lion on each side, and were received by Captain Yussuf, one of the Pasha's interpreters, who spoke Italian. He showed us first the ball-room; it was not waxed, but carpeted, and the furniture was extremely gaudy; the ceiling was of carved wood, with diamonds, squares and spangles done in mirrors. One side of the hall had several "guichets" of iron railing, behind which I supposed the beauties of the Regent's harem were allowed to look on at any receptions or tea-parties that Mahommed Sadok may give on certain days, or perhaps to see the dancing girls that one hears so much about in Eastern lands. The throne-room was a fine saloon one hundred feet long, with a throne at the far end on a dais of red cloth, covered by a canopy with the insignia of the Crescent. A dozen lofty windows on the east side looked towards Tunis. This was the hall where the Regent received Consuls on state occasions. It was richly carpeted, but had no ornaments except the full-length portraits of Louis Philippe, Napoleon the Third,

Francis Joseph, Victor Emmanuel, Abdul Medjid, and some other monarchs past or present. That of Louis Philippe was in Gobelin tapestry. There was also a small steel engraving of Queen Victoria, badly framed, which made a poor appearance beside the other portraits. Next this hall was a smaller one, the council-chamber for the Khaznadar and his colleagues. Crossing a courtyard, we came to the Hall of Judgment, resembling one of the ruined halls in the Alhambra of Grenada, where the Pasha held summary justice twice a week: it had double rows of carved pillars, and was lit from the roof.

From El Bardo we drove to Dar-El-Bey, or the Kasbagh, which is the Pasha's city palace, where his Highness resides during the month of the Ramadan or Mahometan Lent. The apartments of the Khasnadar, or Prime Minister, were in the style of the Alhambra. Some of the stucco ceilings, carved with a penknife, took Christian captives in the last century five or ten years to finish. The Pasha's dining-room had pictures illustrating the Old Testament, from Jacob down to Solomon. In the council-room were a dozen pictures, in gilt frames, of Napoleon's victories. The officer who showed us this palace spoke French tolerably, having studied for some time in France, which country is regarded as the first in the world, and all others a long way behind.

French ideas are so much in the ascendant that the inhabitants use clocks and watches from Paris, instead of counting like the Mahometans from sunset to sunset. In politics also France exercises a kind of protectorate, to such a degree that Mahommed Sadok looks upon M. Roustan as his suzerain. In fact, the poor old Pasha is only the image of a king, for all matters of government are arranged between the Khaznadar and the French Consul. The heir apparent, Sidi Ali, is a kind of field marshal, but the army under his command is insufficient to make the Pasha's name respected much beyond cannon-shot from Tunis. This has a bad effect on the Pasha's income, for some of the tribes refuse to pay tribute. Only last year Sidi Ali, at the head of two thousand men, was routed with great loss in an attempt to collect taxes among the Kroumirs. Nominally the Pasha rules over an area of fifty thousand square miles, with two millions of inhabitants, but the latter are so remiss in paying up their income-tax that his Highness is barely able to keep up the Seraglio and public officials. It would be very desirable for France or Italy to annex Tunis and pension

the Pasha and his family, for the smells and uncleanness of the city are so dreadful that at any time we may hear of the plague reappearing in this part of the world and devastating all southern Europe.

Before leaving Tunis we resolved to make an excursion to the ruins of Carthage, and secured a respectable Jewish dragoman. Our road for nearly two hours lay along the borders of the lake, until we came to a well-built house, which our dragoman told us was built by an eccentric Englishman, who tried to cultivate silkworms on a large scale, and lost much money in the venture. We had previously passed two houses, walled round like fortresses, one belonging to a Frenchman, the other to an Italian who dealt in dromedaries. According to the dragoman Abraham the ancient site of Carthage took in a large portion of the surface now covered by the lake, and this is confirmed by the wilderness of loose stones that extends for miles in this direction, apparently the *débris* of a city. We met at long intervals a group of Arabs tending a few dozen hungry sheep, or driving camels towards Tunis. Not a single traveller passed us on the road till we reached a Marabout's tomb at the foot of the hill of St. Louis. The tomb was a kind of shrine among Mussulmen, which no Christians were allowed to enter. This Marabout left a reputation for great sanctity, and his remains were in a box like a wooden bedstead, which almost filled the little oven-shaped edifice that covered it. We saw no pilgrims at the shrine, which had a very dilapidated appearance.

Ascending the hill, we stopped at the gate of the French convent, and were courteously received by a priest who wore the tarboosh on his shaven head like a Mussulman. The convent contained three priests, three lay-brothers, and fourteen orphan boys whom the Fathers purchased from slavery and were educating. I was much interested in the museum of Carthaginian relics which the priest showed us. Some were fragments of statuary or pillars, others coins, others "amphoræ" for perfumes or for tears shed at the cremation of friends.

The chapel of St. Louis stands two hundred feet over sea level, surrounded by a wall, the whole inclosure comprising the Byrsa or Acropolis of Carthage. The site was ceded gratuitously by the late Pasha, Achmet Bey, to the Government of Louis Philippe, for the purpose of erecting a shrine to the memory of St. Louis, though his remains do not rest on African soil. In 1840 the convent was begun, and two years later the consecra-

tion was performed with great ceremony, the walls of the chapel resting on the ruins of the temple of Esculapius. The interior is of the richest marble, of a kind which the monk told us was called Solyman, and over the shrine is a statue of St. Louis, carved of white marble from the Pyrenees. It is not certain that this is the precise spot where St. Louis breathed his last, but it was somewhere near the Byrsa, as this is the only place where good water is to be found. I may observe that when he died his bones were separated from the flesh, the former being conveyed to France by his son Philip, the latter to Sicily by Charles of Anjou, who interred it at Monreale, a superb monastery where many of the Norman Kings were buried, and which place it was my good fortune to visit soon after leaving Tunis.

Leaving the convent we descended towards the sea, the ruins extending for some miles along the shore; not in lofty columns as at Rome, or in noble temples as in Sicily and elsewhere; not even in shapeless confusion or disjointed masses of masonry. All that we saw were fragments of marble, pieces of mosaic or broken pottery, strewn so thick that you could not walk in any direction except over some relic of the rival of Imperial Rome. Here and there we picked up some fine bits of mosaic, which Sir Richard Wood told me were not of the Carthaginian epoch, but of the renaissance under the Romans. The subterranean cisterns are the only massive remnant of the past: there were eighteen still almost perfect. They measured each about fifty yards in length by ten in depth. There was not a broken column on which the traveller could sit down to recall the memory of Caius Marius. But there were the same blue sky, the same sea, the same mountains overlooking the bay, as when the weeping Dido saw the lessening sails bear off the exile of Troy towards the shores of Latium.

We had no time to moralize on the fall of Carthage, for the sun was getting low, and many of the Arabs who offered us antiques for sale had anything but a kindly expression of countenance. As the gates closed an hour after sunset, our driver was also anxious to get back, to avoid the unpleasant necessity of having to pass the night in the "despoblado." We had still some minutes to spare as we approached the city gates, and the smell from the lake was so awful that I was not surprised that it proved fatal to Louis the Ninth and the French army.

MARION MULHALL.

Tombs of a Transition Period.

THE title of this paper might be thought in some degree vague, or even mysterious, did we not hasten to state to what "transition" it refers. It is not the tombs, then, of any two successive Egyptian dynasties that we are about to contrast; nor are we to discuss the characteristic differences between the primitive sepulchres of Etruria and those of the race that succeeded them in the north of Italy. The point of junction in English history where the ancient faith faded into the new religious system of the Tudors, is the focus of our present interest. And we are to note it in the change, or transition, it brought about in the monumental effigies and inscriptions whereby the first professors of that new system commemorated their departed friends.

If it be true that a man betrays his real character, to those who have skill to read him, by the most minute unconscious points of his habitual bearing, much more true must it be, that a theological instinct, or tone of mind, stands revealed by the language spontaneously adopted, by survivors and mourners, regarding the dead. Death is one of the great touchstones of the soul; it brings out, on the spot, what is within the minds of those whom it touches, themselves or others. There is great reality, at least there is the very real expression of a belief, false or true, in the language men use about death, and the dead. As John of Gaunt is made to say:

... the words of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
He that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose.¹

It is therefore a fair inquiry, and ought to be an interesting one, how far, and how soon, the change of religion three hundred years ago affected the tombs and epitaphs through the length and breadth of England.

A visitor to the Vatican Museum can hardly fail to carry away a deep impression from the monumental inscriptions built

¹ *King Richard II.* act 2, sc. i.

into the walls of one particular corridor; they are Pagan on one side, Christian on the other. The first are collected from the family *columbaria* of the men who built up, from father to son, the Pagan greatness of old Rome. The second come from the catacombs, where the disciples of the faith that was to constitute Rome's after greatness and wider supremacy, were enduring a death in life, and scratching, as best they might,² a few rude *graffiti* to commemorate their martyred dead. On the Pagan side you have tokens of all that makes up this world's intellect and power. They were the *terrarum domini* of Horace, who gave orders for these inscriptions, and for whose ashes they were sculptured. And the best aspirations of the survivors is, after all, the cheerless *Sit tibi terra levis*; seeming to invite the thought, of which the bitter epigrammatist was not slow to avail himself:

Sit tibi terra levis, mollique premaris arenâ,
Ocius ut possint eruere ossa canes.

On the other side, you have touching and tender proofs of the deep heart-communion between those who occupied each border of the narrow river of death. The marble tablets tell how they who were yet in life prayed for their dear ones departed, and asked their prayers in turn; how all was hope, and humble cheer; how the truest union was realized and maintained, spite of visible separation, inasmuch as all were one in Him Whose Name and titles were shrouded from the Pagans under the mystic symbol, *IXΘΥΣ*.

A similar mortuary proof of the difference between two religious systems is furnished by an old book on which we lately stumbled. This is *Weever's Ancient Funeral Monuments within the United Monarchy of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Islands adjacent*, printed in 1631. The author was a thorough-going Protestant, and dedicated his work to Charles the First, in that extravagant style which appears so wonderful to us in our plain-speaking days. The King, according to him, is "the most powerful Protector of the Faith, the most royal Patron, Preserver, and Fosterer of the undoubted religion of Jesus Christ, the Pattern of true piety and justice, and the President of all princely virtues." Nothing, therefore, can be further from his thought than to furnish an argument in favour of the Catholic religion, for which, indeed, he has some hard terms enough, here

² "In haste and with fear," as an inscription from one of the catacombs expresses it.

and there, in his pages. His testimony has all the additional force of its unconsciousness.

Among the epitaphs usual before the change of religion, we find three prevailing forms. They seem to have been kept in stock, so to say, and were probably suggested for adoption to such mourning survivors as had made no previous choice. One, in Latin "leonine" verse, runs thus :

Es testis, Christe, quod non jacet hîc lapis iste
Corpus ut ornatur, sed spiritus ut memoretur.

The other, a still more usual one, in Norman French, tells the reader that (*e.g.*)

Renald de Deyre gist icy :
Dieu de s' alme ayt mercy.³

A third, in which we discern an approach towards the later practice of giving dates and details, rehearses the name, sometimes the employments and offices of the deceased ; tells us when he died, and winds up with the very abridged form :
cu-jāæ-prp̄tr-ds-am̄ (cujus animæ propitiatur Dominus. Amen).

In the great bulk of inscriptions which departed from the two former of these models, a ludicrous mixture of pious aspiration and churchwarden doggerel sometimes appears. Petitions for the prayers of the reader wind up with, or are prefaced by, a statement of worldly avocations, with other trivial circumstances. Thus, one was "Grocer of London;" another, "two times Maire" of Rainham. The following, again, is certainly grotesque :

Mary Moder, mayden clere,
Pray for me William Goldwyre.
And for me Isabel his wyf,
Lady for thy Ioyes fyf.
Have mercy on Christian his second wyf,
Swete Jesu, for thy wowndys fyf.⁴

³ Sometimes, indeed, without any regard to metre ; as :

Roger Manston et Julian sa femme gisoint icy,
Dieu de salmes eyt mercy—Amen.

⁴ At Sittingbourne is a quatrain, with its strange mixture of exhortation in the first line, of prayer in the second, of petition to survivors in the third, and of family information in the last :

I was as ye be, now in dust and clay.
Haue mercy on my sowl yat bowght hit with yi bloodde,
For Elizabeth of Cherite a Pater-noster say,
Sumtymes I was the wyff of Edmonde Poodde.

Richard Colwell, once Mayor of Feversham, as his inlaid brass records, with the date 1533, leaves for the benefit of all readers the following verses :

Whoso him bethoft inwardly and oft
How hard it were to flit from bed unto the pitt,
From pitt unto payne, that nere shal cease certeyne,
He would not doe one sinn, all the world to winn.

Without pressing too far the leading idea of this paper—the principle, namely, of “transition,” we may take another indication from Weever. The page and name have escaped us for the moment. A man dies in 1538, two years after Henry had dissolved the greater monasteries. His epitaph still contains the time-honoured formula: “On whose soule,” &c. His wife dies two years after, without any such petition, but instead of this, sturdily preaches a sermon to the passers-by. A very good sermon, certainly; but still, it is preaching, not praying:

Behold and see,
Thus as I am, so shall ye be;
When ye be dead, and laid in grave,
As ye have done, so shall ye have.

1540.

As in the lower, so still more in the higher social grades. In process of time, these epitaphs, still entirely Catholic, assumed a touch of the secular spirit—not to be hypercritical—and begin to inform us of the former worldly *status* and dignities of those who have mingled with the dust. Weever gives one from “Chelsey:”

Of your charitie pray for the soul of Edmond Bray, Knight, Lord Bray, cosin and heire to Sir Reignold Bray, Knight of the Garter.

From Fulham:

Here lyeth buried the body of Sir Raufe Buts, Knight, and Phisitian to our Soueraigne Lord Henry the VIII. Who decessyd 1545. On whose sowl.

Then follow six Latin elegiacs, setting forth, among other propositions, what no one will deny in 1882, that the favour of the Tudor Prince availed nothing when *sæva mors* had come.

Chelsea, again, furnishes:

Here undyr lyeth Phelip Meawtis, the sonn and heir of John Meawtis, oone of ye Secretaries to the Kyngs, Hen. the Seventh, and Hen. the Eight; Clerk of hys Counsel, and oone of the Knyghts of Wyndesor. Which Phelip decessyd the eight of Novembre. M.D.X. on whose soul Iesu have mercy. Amen.

All this is, so far as it goes, a declension from the simple, humble *Es testis Christe*, and the *Dieu de sa alme*, with which we set out. The distant tokens of the coming revolt from the Church began to manifest themselves; though, doubtless, in one and the same epoch, there were those whose instincts remained more Catholic, while others became less so. In the same

church, of a date (1493) seventeen years earlier than the last, we seem to discern a truer spirit. Beside the "on whose soul God have mercy, Amen," there is added :

In the worschip of God and our Ladie
Say for all Christen souls a Pater Noster and an Avie.

It is touching to hear the deceased solicit prayers, not for his own needs alone, but for those of all the faithful departed. We may hope that he has long since been repaid an hundred-fold. It was not, however, a solitary instance. We not unfrequently meet with it, *e.g.*, "On whos soule and al Christian souls, Jesu have mercy."

Chelsea is intimately associated with the memory of Sir Thomas More. Here, in this "royal suburb," he who was

Fram'd for calmer times, and nobler hearts,
Philosopher, despising wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of life and love,

delighted to throw off his rich robes of office, and to say to them: "Lie there, Lord Chancellor!" Here, in his leisure hours, and in his pleasant manor house, he was to be found, surrounded by those who loved him so deservedly; twitting Dame Alice, his wife, with some harmless jest, capping quotations and lively witticisms with his dear daughter Margaret, and distancing (we suspect) in these intellectual exercises his son-in-law, Roper. Here, too—strange association of two men who could have little in common but a keen love of classical literature, and large possessions in the domain of wit—he entertained Erasmus. We cannot picture Erasmus, the cold, heartless, scoffing spirit, appearing as a welcome guest at the table of the martyred bishop, Fisher. But, doubtless, he was on his best behaviour when he went down to Chelsea; and the entertainment there concerned nothing more theological than a finely-turned passage of Cicero, or a question on the pronunciation of Greek.

On the south side of the Quire of this church, under a plain monument, lieth the body of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, beheaded on the Tower Hill, for denying of the King's Supremacy, the sixth of July, 1535.

Then, later on, our author adds, with a caution that almost seems to suggest a distant prospect of the Star Chamber :

The character of this ingenious and learned Lord Chancellor is delivered at large by all our late English historiographers, as also by many foreign writers. To whom, and to that which I have spoken of him before, I refer my reader.

No one can speak of Sir Thomas More without a thought of Bishop Fisher, his brother in martyrdom. Weever has a word for him, also. He is speaking of "St. Peter's Chappell within the Tower," the dedication of which is, so appropriately, that of St. Peter *Ad Vincula*:⁵ and he says:

Here lie interred the headlesse remains of John Fisher, Doctor of Diuinity, sometime Bishop of Rochester, brought up a Scholler in Cambridge; Master of our Colledge, (I meane Queenes Colledge in Cambridge) and Chancellour of that Vniuersitie. He was made Cardinall *s. t. S. Vitalis*, the one and twentieth of May, which honour was to him *parum vitalis*, for the Cardinals hat and his head never met together:⁶ he being beheaded on Tower-hill the 22. of June following, Ann. Dom. 1535. His bodie was first buried in Barking Church-yard, and afterwards vpon occasion as followeth, remoued to this place.⁷

He was a man in great estimation with Margaret Countesse of Richmond, by whose exhortation shee built and endowed two Colledges in Cambridge, S. John's, and Christ College; she made him one of her executours. He liued likewise a long time in great fauour with her Grandchild King Henry the eight; euen vntill his marriage with Ann Bullein, which he euer seemed to disallow.

The "occasion" of Bishop Fisher's body being removed from Barking to the Tower chapel, is stated by Weever to have been, the burial of Sir Thomas More in the latter place after his martyrdom; and he proceeds to comment on their union in the grave, in a euphemistic strain which ought to have secured his advancement at Court.

Agreeing so vnanimously in their opinions liuing, it was (be like) thought vnfitting to part them being dead; but how long they lay together in this their house of rest, I certainly know not: yet this is certaine, that Margaret, the wife of Master Roper, and daughter of

⁵ A solitary instance, perhaps, of this especial dedication, among the churches and chapels of England. At least, it would be interesting to note the circumstances and apparent *rationale* of any others that might be found.

⁶ P. 500.

⁷ For the honour of human nature, one would desire to be able to confute the tradition by which words have come down to us as uttered by Henry the Eighth, when he heard that the imprisoned Bishop of Rochester had been raised to the purple. "Mother of God!" he is reported to have exclaimed, in brutal anger, "Paul may send him a hat, but I will leave him never a head to set it on."

the said Sir Thomas More, remoted her fathers corps, not long after, to Chelsey; and whether she honoured (!) the Bishop by another remoue to the place of her fathers buriall, or not, I know not; yet she might, by all probabilitie.

From this it would appear, that if the day should come to make inquiry for these bodies, as being the relics of Saints acknowledged by the Holy See, it is to Chelsea Church that the inquirer must turn; unless, indeed, there should be strong evidence that the saintly Bishop still rests within the small and very ancient chapel in the Tower.

The demonstration of what we have called the period of monumental transition might have been carried still further. Every step downward on the course of time would show us the rapid paganizing of the inscriptions placed by survivors over their dead. This is, indeed, of theological necessity. From the moment when men ceased to pray for the departed, they who were gone were made, would they or no, the subject of empty glorification and fulsome praise. They were assumed to be already in Heaven, or in some undefined *κοιμητήριον*,⁸ half-way between Lethe and "Arthur's bosom." Accordingly, a process of family and general canonization all round, took place over their memories, in which social qualities, intellectual gifts, worldly successes, sometimes even personal advantages and grace of manner, did duty for miracles and proofs of supernatural heroic sanctity. The old system, that had extended from the Roman Catacombs to the death of Mary Tudor, was voted "superstitious." The new was left in the hands of *superstites*, who certainly did "peep and botanize upon their mother's grave." We had selected two epitaphs of modern times, not found in Weever, but long after the "transition" he unconsciously notes had worked itself out, and the Protestantized mind of England had found time fully to express its

* Some painful lines, written even by one so exceptional as Bishop Ken, before his death, express a *very vague* conjecture, or indeed forbid all speculation, about the place to which his soul might be *supposed* to go. It begins somewhat after this fashion (to quote *memoriter*):

Soul, when thy clay returns to dust,
Be not too curious to inquire
Where to aspire:
Whether, &c.

Between this, and the Emperor Hadrian's address to his departing soul:

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?

—the line of demarcation is so fine, that he must have a subtle preception who shall discover it.

instincts. One is read over the grave of a dignitary in a midland cathedral; the other, more to the south of England, records the brilliant career, the distinguished qualities and last farewell words, of a lady of rank and fashion. Thackeray would not have ventured to pen them for any of his novels: the public, that delights in his obituary of Lord Steyne and old Lady Kew, would have risen up against these, as impossible exaggerations. But to what good? Their length and verbosity would alone exclude them from pages that might be better occupied with worthier matter; and survivors, immediate or remote, would feel pain at their insertion. Let them pass; they are hardly needed for the argument of which they form very salient illustrations. Let us get back into an atmosphere more real and pure; such artificial things have a mouldy stuffiness about them, like the wax-work in St. Paul's. *Es testis*, then,

Es testis, Christe, quod non jacet hic lapis iste,
Corpus ut ornetur, sed spiritus ut memoretur.

That has the true ring about it: it expresses the unerring instinct of faith.

The folio that has here furnished a text for a rather "round-about paper" contains notices of two places, at least, that we would gladly see worked up into as many short monographs. These are the Abbeys of St. Alban's and Westminster. Again, another use that might be made of the author is his account of these characters whose borrowed plumes have been unsparingly plucked by the author of *Men and Women of the English Reformation*. Take, for instance, Thomas Cromwell. What a weird and ghastly light do Time's revenges throw upon the statue here raised to Henry's arch-spoiliator! We modernize Weever's spelling, as a relief to the reader.

Cromwell, surnamed the Great, whom Wolsey first raised from the forge to eminent good fortunes; whom Henry the Eighth used as his instrument to suppress the Pope's Supremacy and to dissolve religious structures; whom he advanced to the highest pitch of honour and authority; whom he cast down suddenly, and bereft both of life and dignity, lies here interred [in the Tower chapel].

After the fall of his master, Wolsey, Cromwell

—was presently advanced to the King's service, wherein he so industriously and wisely demeaned himself, as that he was thought worthy by the said King to have the ordering of all weighty affairs.

Whereupon, at several times he heaped these several offices and honours upon him: he made him Master of his jewel-house, Baron Cromwell of Okeham, principal Secretary, Master of the Rolls, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Justice of the Forests and Chases from the river of Trent northward, Great Chamberlain of England, Earl of Essex, Knight of the Garter, Vicegerent, or Vicar-General. He was suddenly arrested in the Council-Chamber, and committed to the Tower . . . attainted by Parliament of heresy and high treason; and, upon the 25th of the said month, he was beheaded on Tower Hill. . . Many lamented this great man's fall; but more rejoiced, especially such as had been religious men, or favoured religious persons. Of the clergy, he was much hated, for that he was an enemy to Popery, and could never endure the snuffing pride of the prelates.⁹

It would have been well for "this great man" to remember the warning given him by Wolsey, to "throw away ambition," as the sin by which angels fell, and by which he could never hope to win. Michael Drayton puts into a couple of stanzas a truer view of his case, and Weever, inconsistently enough, quotes him. He represents Cromwell as thus musing:

These laws I made, myself alone to please,
To give me power more surely to my will,
E'en to my equals hurtful sundry ways
(Forcéd to things that most do say were ill)
Upon me now as violently seize,
By which I lastly perish by my skill,
On mine own neck returning (as my due),
That heavy yoke, wherein by me they drew.

Thus, whilst we strive too suddenly to rise,
By flatt'ring Princes with a servile tongue,
And being soothers to their tyrannies
Work our much woes, by what doth many wrong:
And, unto others' tending injuries,
Unto ourselves it happ'ning oft among,
In our own snares unluckily are caught,
Whilst our attempts fall instantly to nought.

But by this, our "transition" has more than passed, and it is time to fade altogether from the dissolving view.

W. H. ANDERDON.

⁹ Pp. 506, 507.

The Irish Agrarian War.

A CHAPTER OF IRISH HISTORY—1761—1881.

I.—WHITEBOYS, OAKBOYS, RIGHTBOYS, AND HEARTS OF STEEL.

I.

1761—1773.

WITHOUT attempting to discuss any of the controversial points relating to the subject of land tenure in Ireland, I propose to give some account of the agrarian insurrections which have from time to time occurred in that country. From whatever standpoint one may feel disposed to view the Irish Land Question, or however much people may differ as to the best mode of dealing with it, all must admit and deplore the fact that, for nearly a century and a half there has been war, open or concealed, between the landlords and tenants of Ireland. It is for statesmen to ascertain the cause and apply a remedy for this unhappy state of things. Less responsible and less capable individuals may rest content with showing that such things have been and are.

In modern times, no Irish county has been so intimately associated with agrarian crime as Tipperary. In Tipperary the first attempt at agrarian insurrection in Ireland was made in 1761. The circumstances which gave rise to the outbreak were as follows :—During the eighteenth century, rents in Ireland were much out of proportion to the paying capabilities of the tenants and the value of the land, and were, to use the language of Swift, “squeezed from the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants.” To ease the pressure thus unduly placed upon the tenants, the landlords had been in the habit of permitting them to occupy, rent free, or at a very low rent, certain waste tracts adjoining their holdings. These waste tracts in their original condition were, doubtless, of little or no practical value to the landlord, but to the tenant who reclaimed and cultivated them they became in time an important acquisition—and an acquisition which, as one who

had expended much toil in improving their state, he considered himself, rightly or wrongly, entitled to enjoy equally with the landlord. That is to say, he considered himself entitled to the undisturbed possession of these tracts, when reclaimed or partially reclaimed, as well as of the holdings which adjoined them, whilst he paid his rent; and he furthermore thought that the landlord, in fixing the rent, should be influenced by the fact that the land had been reclaimed from its original barrenness by the unaided efforts of the tenant. The claims thus put forward by the Irish tenants, the Irish landlords, in the main, never acknowledged. They always reserved to themselves the right of dealing with the waste lands, as well as of the adjoining holdings, as it suited their purposes or needs for the time being, without much taking into account the considerations suggested by the tenants.

For several years previous to 1761 the tenants, in a more or less degree, seem to have been allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of the tracts, sometimes wholly waste, sometimes partially reclaimed, adjoining their holdings. At least we have no very reliable evidence of any attempt, on a large scale, by the landlords to remove them, nor do we find that, up to this date, any serious conflict had taken place between landlords and tenants on the subject of arbitrary rent-raising and evictions, though in some cases arbitrary rent-raising and evictions there certainly had been. Doubtless between the Williamite invasion and the middle of the century, other subjects of a more absorbing character occupied public attention, and the Land Question was in consequence pushed very much in the back ground. Complaints of high rents there had been between 1720 and 1761, and not a little general discontent prevailed with reference to the law and practice of landlord and tenant. But the policy of repression then in force, coupled with the preoccupation of the public mind in reference to the subject of the penal code, had served to keep the peasantry quiet so far. There was agrarian discontent, but smothered discontent. It must, however, have been clear to thoughtful men at the time that an explosion would come sooner or later. It came in 1761 and was produced thus :—

About the middle of the eighteenth century circumstances arose which tended much to enhance the value of Irish beef and butter, always prized commodities in the English and foreign markets. A disease had broken out amongst horned cattle on

the Continent. It gradually spread to England, where as well as in Holland and in Germany its ravages were attended with very fatal results. In consequence the demand for beef and butter in the foreign and English markets could not be adequately met, except at extravagant prices, by foreign and English farmers. The cattle disease had not spread to Ireland. To Ireland accordingly the consumer had to look more than ever to have his wants supplied, and thus it came to pass that the value of Irish beef and butter was much enhanced, the demand for these commodities having increased enormously. It was with reference to the adoption of means for the purpose of meeting this demand, that the disputes arose which ultimately led to the commencement of hostilities between Irish landlords and tenants in 1761.

The landlords of Tipperary determined to evict their tenants from the "waste" lands, which had in many places been then brought more or less into a state of partial cultivation, and to let them to large graziers at high rents. From these lands the tenants supplied themselves with turf for fuel, and had scattered over them little plots in which potatoes, the staple food of the Irish peasants in those, as in later days, had been sown. The possession of these cultivable, and to some extent cultivated, wastes was, it will therefore be seen, of much importance to the Tipperary tenants, who accordingly resolved, despite the directions and wishes of the landlords, to cling to them. The landlords, however, stood firmly upon their "rights," and "cleared" not only the wastes, but the small holdings adjoining occupied by the tenants. In this manner, we are informed by a gentleman who was one of the chaplains in the first Tyrone [volunteer] regiment, in a series of letters published in 1783, and dedicated to Lord Charlemont, that "whole baronies were laid open to pasturage." Some of the tenants who had thus been dispossessed left the country, but the great majority of them remained at home determined stubbornly to "fight it out" with the landlords.

Having evicted the tenants from the waste, or rather partially waste tracts, and the adjoining holdings, the landlords inclosed and fenced the lands thus "cleared," and within the inclosures, so set up, the fat cattle of the graziers were, in supposed security, placed. The tenants commenced hostilities by throwing down the inclosures and destroying the cattle. By degrees they assumed more threatening attitudes, and the fact soon became

manifest that, though the struggle had commenced over a dispute about waste lands, it was not going to end there. The area of the controversy was soon enlarged, and the "war" quickly spread beyond the limits of the county where it had originated. The restoration of the waste lands, the reduction of rents, and the reinstatement of the small tenants who had been evicted to make way for the graziers, were the demands put forward by the tenants. To enforce those demands bands of peasantry moved through Tipperary, Waterford, and other counties in Munster, wearing white shirts over their clothes, as "a badge of union," levelling ditches and stone walls, rooting up orchards, carrying away horses, making raids for firearms, and levying black mail upon "middling" farmers to enable them to purchase arms, or to obtain legal defence for such of their comrades as might be brought within the operation of the law, and generally for the purpose of obtaining funds to "carry on the war." The punishments inflicted by those agrarian insurgents upon persons who opposed or interfered with them were of the most cruel character. Farmers who refused to join their organization, or who, in contravention of their unwritten laws, had occupied holdings from which other tenants had been evicted, and witnesses who gave evidence against any of their numbers who had been arrested and prosecuted, were chastised in the severest manner. "One of their usual punishments," says Arthur Young, "was taking people out of their beds, carrying them naked in winter on horseback for some distance, and burying them up to the chin in a hole filled with briars, not forgetting to cut off one of their ears." These lawless bands were at first called Levellers, from the fact that they had commenced their operations by levelling inclosures and fences; but from the circumstances of wearing white shirts over their clothes, they soon came to be known by the now historic appellation of Whiteboys.

The Government seem to have been able to cope but very imperfectly with the Whiteboys. Indeed the latter appear to have done pretty well as they liked in the South of Ireland between 1761 and 1770. In fact the Government, influenced by the reports of the local gentry and magistrates, appear to have got on a wrong tack with reference both to the objects of the rioters and the cause of the rising—a circumstance which contributed not a little to render their efforts in suppressing the disturbances ineffectual. "The Government," says Sir George

Cornewall Lewis, "though they might have been inclined to justice, were unable to restrain the local and subordinate authorities from raising the alarm of a Popish rebellion, and from construing the scattered outrages of a suffering peasantry into a political and religious insurrection, supported by French influence, and having for its object the restoration of the Stuarts and the Catholic religion." It is a fact worth mentioning, as illustrative of the mode in which the government of the country was at the time carried on, that, though a Commission, appointed by the Executive to inquire into the causes of the disturbances, had reported in 1762 that the authors of the riots and outrages "consisted indiscriminately of persons of different persuasions, and that no marks of disaffection to his Majesty's person or Government had been discovered" to exist amongst them, still Dublin Castle, yielding to the influences of the "local authorities," persisted in regarding the Whiteboys as "Popish rebels" and little more. The result of this determination on the part of the Castle to disregard facts, and to act upon the suspicions of the local authorities, led to the commission of many acts of injustice, and in a great measure to the defeat of the Government in its endeavours to put down the disturbers. If the Government had at the time but turned its attention, in a practical manner, to the question of landlord and tenant in Ireland, instead of exhausting its resources at the instigation of the local gentry in unnecessary attempts to out-manceuvre the Pope and the Pretender, Irish agrarianism might have been nipped in the bud. But such good fortune was not in store for the country. One of the acts of grievous wrong done by the Government in its endeavours to defeat imaginary Popish plots, and to baffle phantom rebellious conspiracies, deserves to be recorded. During the outbreak one of the most popular men amongst the peasantry of Southern Ireland was Nicholas Sheehy, parish priest of Clogheen, in the county of Tipperary. In the disputes between landlords and tenants, which had culminated in the Whiteboy rising, Father Sheehy stood by the tenants. He was no Whiteboy, and no countenancer of Whiteboy outrages. Many of his parishioners were Whiteboys, and he was unavoidably drawn into frequent intercourse with them. He was a strong tenant sympathiser, and was ready to assist, within the law, any of his parishioners who came to him for advice and help. But beyond this, Father Sheehy was a good citizen and a zealous priest. By the

"local authorities" Father Sheehy was intensely disliked on account of his tenant sympathies, and these functionaries appear to have set themselves deliberately to work to accomplish his destruction. He was constantly "suspected" by them of assisting the Whiteboys with "French money," and "inciting them to outrages and rebellion." On more than one occasion he had been indicted and tried as an unregistered priest, but always acquitted. Ultimately in 1765 the Government yielding, there is every reason for thinking, to local pressure, issued a proclamation of £300 for his arrest on the ground that he was guilty of high treason. The moment Father Sheehy heard of the proclamation he communicated with the Government, expressing his readiness to take his trial on the capital charge preferred against him, provided he would be tried not in Clonmel but in Dublin. The Government accepted his offer, and Father Sheehy was tried in the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin as a rebel. The trial lasted two days. The principal evidence produced against the prisoner was that of, to use the words of Dr. Curry, "a blackguard boy, a common prostitute, and an impeached thief, all [of whom] had been brought out of Clonmel Jail, and bribed to give evidence against him." The prosecution failed. Father Sheehy was "honourably acquitted." But the "local authorities" had not yet done with the parish priest of Clogheen. An informer named Bridge, who had on previous occasions given evidence against the Whiteboys, disappeared soon after Father Sheehy's trial. It was at once said that he was murdered, and Father Sheehy, on the vaguest grounds, was accused of the crime. He was sent this time to Clonmel for trial. The "blackguard boy, the common prostitute, the impeached thief," were once more called to bear evidence against him. For the defence two witnesses of good character were produced to prove that Bridge had left the country, and their evidence was so far corroborated, that the body of the dead man had never been found. But the testimony of the three respectable Crown witnesses prevailed. Father Sheehy was found guilty and hanged for a crime, which not only he never committed, but which nobody ever committed, as Mr. Bridge's body was ultimately discovered in excellent preservation in the Island of Newfoundland, whither Mr. Bridge had retired to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* and to end his days in peace and security.

"It is unnecessary," says Sir George Cornwall Lewis,

writing of the case of Father Sheehy (and Sir George's narrative I have made the basis of my own), "to give further particulars of the intimidation and violence practised by persons in authority in order to accomplish this judicial murder; as the statement of the facts [in Father Sheehy's case] is sufficient to show to what extremities of vigour the Irish Government then proceeded in their treatment of suspected Whiteboys." In truth the case of Father Sheehy not unfairly illustrates the unjust and stupid things which the "local authorities" in Ireland did at that time. There are good reasons for believing that if those authorities had permitted the Government to treat the Whiteboy outbreak of 1761 as a purely agrarian affair—such as the Government Commissioners had described it to be—if they had permitted the Government to make some concessions to such of the demands of the peasantry as were reasonable and just, then the revolt might never have extended beyond the limits of Tipperary, and the popular sympathies would probably have never been widely and actively engaged on behalf of the rioters. But as it was, when the people beheld the authorities hanging and banishing innocent and well-affected citizens as "Popish rebels," instead of seriously endeavouring to grapple with a mere agrarian uprising, they became inspired with feelings of disgust and hatred of the Government, and many of the lower classes allowed themselves to be drawn into a combination which, under other circumstances—under circumstances of wiser policy—they would in all likelihood have avoided; while several members of the better classes fled the country in horror and despair. As an instance of the disposition of the masses of the peasantry to stand by "law and order" if the law were justly administered, and order judiciously maintained, the case of Judge Aston may be mentioned. Aston was a strong and just man. He did not spare the Whiteboys who came before him to be tried, but he took care that the offenders should be convicted, not upon the suspicions of the "local authorities," or the evidence of their suborned witnesses, but upon facts clearly proved by honest and trustworthy citizens. In 1762 he was sent on a Special Commission to try the Whiteboys of Limerick, Cork, and Tipperary. Several Whiteboys were tried, and sentenced to be hanged, by him. The Commission over, Aston returned to Dublin. On his way back he encountered outside the town of Clonmel, in the centre of the Whiteboy county of Tipperary, a vast crowd of people.

English Judges were not popular in Ireland in those days, and Aston may, not unreasonably, have felt that the presence of this multitude boded no good for him. But if he feared the intentions of the peasantry so assembled, his fears were destined quickly to be dispelled, for as he approached them—and they lined the roads at both sides of the way for ten miles beyond the town where Aston had just sent several Whiteboys to the gallows—men, women, and children fell upon their knees as he passed, “supplicating heaven to bless him as their protector.” “There is no nation of people under the sun,” says Sir John Davis, writing in the seventeenth century, “that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so as they have protection and benefit of the law, when upon just cause they do desire it.” No better illustration can be given of the justice of Sir John Davis’s views respecting the Irish people, than that afforded by the conduct of the Tipperary peasants towards Judge Aston. He had hanged several Whiteboys—perhaps relatives and friends of some of those in the crowd—but he had hanged them on clear evidence, and in the conduct of the trials he had impressed the people generally with the conviction, that under his directions “equal and indifferent justice” should be administered to all and for all, and that, despite the plots and intrigues, the follies and the crimes of the local authorities, every man in the land should have the “protection and benefit of the law, when upon just cause he did desire it;” hence the manifestation of good will evinced towards him by the peasants of the most “lawless” county in Ireland.

The Whiteboy outbreak of 1761 having lasted for nine years, terminated in 1770 without the objects for which the tenants had fought being achieved; without the “rights” which the landlords had assailed being effectually maintained. At the end of the conflict the contending parties occupied the same position which they had held at the commencement. The tenants, strong in what they deemed the justice of their cause, the landlords conscious that the power of England was at their back, stood face to face, after the nine years’ war, as bitter foes, the former determined to renew hostilities, as soon as they could again take the field, the latter resolved that all future outbreaks should be put down with unsparing rigour.

Contemporaneously with the Whiteboy insurrection in

Munster, the Oakboys rose in Ulster. The Oakboys' grievances were these: the unjust contributions levied for the repair of the roads; the payment of tithes; and the rent demanded for boglands. It was felt, to use the words of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, that the "labour which each householder was bound to contribute to the repair of roads was abused by the landowners; that the rich had been exempted, that the work done had been bestowed on roads more beneficial to individuals than to the public." To the payment of tithes the Presbyterian peasants of the north seem to have objected equally with their Catholic fellow-countrymen of the south, while the rent of land—bog or otherwise—was a topic which engaged the attention of the farmer of Donegal, Tyrone, and Antrim, as well as that of the farmers of Tipperary, Waterford, and Limerick. Finding that the landlords, and others, were not disposed to yield to their demands, the northern peasants rose *en masse*, and wearing oaken branches in their hats, marched through the province denouncing the system of road "jobbing," and "striking" against road work: making the clergy swear that they would not levy more than a certain proportion of tithes; and the gentry that they would not assess the counties at more than a stipulated rate. The Oakboys erected gallows in many places, threatened very much, and insulted and rioted a good deal. But the outbreak does not seem to have led to the commission of many outrages. In this respect the rising of the Oakboys compares favourably with the rising of the Whiteboys. How it came to pass that the insurrection of the southern Irish peasants should have been more sanguinary than that of the northern yeomen, Lord Charlemont has well explained. "A rebellion of slaves," says his lordship, "is always more bloody than an insurrection of freemen."

However, it was deemed essential to employ military forces for the purpose of quelling the Oakboy disturbances; it was also considered advisable to make some concessions to the Oakboy demands. The rising was thus suppressed in six weeks. The adoption of a policy of coercion, unaccompanied by any measure of concession, had proved ineffectual in suppressing the Whiteboy rising in the south in nine years.

The Oakboy disturbances were followed by a much more serious affair—the insurrectionary movement of the Hearts of Steel. I shall tell the story of the rising of the Hearts of Steel

in the words of an Irish Protestant historian of the earlier part of the present century Mr. Gordon.

In the government of Lord Townshend [says Mr. Gordon in his *History of Ireland*] a part of Ulster began to be disturbed by an insurrection which, originating from a local cause, yet a sincere grievance, was much less extensive, but vastly more bloody and of larger duration, than of the Hearts of Oak. An estate in the county of Antrim, a part of the vast possessions of an absentee nobleman, the Marquis of Donegal, was prepared, when its leases had expired, to be let only to those who could pay large fines; and the agent of the Marquis was said to have exacted extravagant fees on his own account also. Numbers of the farmer tenants, neither able to pay the fines nor the rents demanded by those who, on payment of fines and fees, took leases over them, were dispossessed of their tenements and left without means of subsistence. Rendered thus desperate, they maimed the cattle of those who had taken their lands, committed other outrages, and, to express a firmness of resolution, called themselves Hearts of Steel. To rescue one of the number, confined on a charge of felony in Belfast, some thousand of peasants, who neither before nor after took any part in insurrection, marched with the Steelmen into the town, and rescued the prisoners from the military guard; the officers of which were fortunately persuaded by a respectable physician to his liberation, to prevent the ruinous consequences of a desperate battle. The association of Steelmen extended into the neighbouring counties, augmented by distressed or discontented peasants, who were not affected immediately by the original grievance. By the exertions of the military some were taken and tried at Carrickfergus. As they were acquitted from the supposed partiality of the witnesses and jury, an Act of Parliament was passed in March, 1772, ordering their trials to be held in counties different from those in which the offences were committed. Some in consequence were carried to Dublin, but were there acquitted, from prejudices entertained against a law so unconstitutional. In the December of 1773, in the administration of Lord Harcourt, the obnoxious Act was repealed. From a sense of the evil consequences of disorder, insurgents tried in their respective counties were now condemned and executed. The insurrection was totally quelled, but its effects were long baneful. So great and wide was the discontent, that many thousands of Protestants emigrated from those parts of Ulster to the American settlements, where they soon appeared in arms against the British Government, and contributed powerfully by their zeal and valour to the separation of the American Colonies from the Empire of Great Britain.

II.

1775—1788.

Two years after the suppression of the Steelmen in Ulster, the Whiteboys were again up and doing in Leinster and Munster.

They reappeared first at Kildare in 1775. The movement next spread to Kilkenny and the Queen's county, gradually extending throughout several counties in Munster. The Catholic clergy in Leinster and Munster put forth their whole strength against the Whiteboys, or Rightboys, as the rioters next came to be called. Dr. Troy, the Catholic Bishop of Ossory, published a pastoral letter, in which he vehemently condemned the organization, and pronounced a sentence of excommunication against all who took part in its operations. A similar course was adopted by other Catholic Bishops. This action of the Church brought upon it the hostility of the Rightboys. They now declared war, not only against the landlords, but against the clergy, Catholic and Protestant. The landlords were denied their rents, the Protestant parsons their tithes, and the Catholic priests their "dues." The tithes seem to have been a most obnoxious impost at this time, and the efforts of the Rightboys were greatly directed against them. The bluntness of the conflict, indeed, fell very much upon the Protestant clergy, and, next to them, strange as the statement may seem, the Catholic priests appear to have been the chief sufferers.

The Rightboys held their assemblies at regular intervals throughout the southern counties, swearing "to obey no laws except those of Captain Right, and to starve the clergy." Their proceedings were marked by great skill and address, and their lawless aims pursued with much system and design. They issued manifestoes from time to time regulating the payment of rent and dues, the collection of parish cess, the nomination of parish clerks, and, in some cases, of curates. They declared what churches should be repaired and what not, what taxes might be collected and what should not be paid at all. Opposition to their demands and regulations, no matter from what quarter it came, was met with prompt and effectual punishment. The disobeying priest was treated with equal severity with the disobeying parson or landlord. We learn that one priest was "torn nearly from limb to limb" at the altar because he exercised his influence in the maintenance of "law and order." Another, who had made himself obnoxious by his efforts to suppress the organization in his own parish, was "buried to the neck, first being inclosed naked in brambles and thorns." In some parts of the country, where the Catholic clergy, nobility, and gentry had been especially active in trying to quell the disturbance, the Catholic chapels were "nailed up and the pastors driven from their parishes."

The Protestant parsons who collected tithes in contravention of the Rightboy decrees were treated with the utmost rigour. One dignitary of the Protestant Establishment was, we learn upon the authority of the Protestant Bishop of Cloyne, "forced to come out of his house at midnight by a band of one hundred and fifty ruffians, to swear that he would give up his legal rights, a gun being pointed close to his head while the oath was tendered, and a horse produced with a saddle full of spikes, on which he was to be mounted if he refused to swear." Another "was menaced that he should meet with a 'horrible reception' if he did not obey the Rightboy laws, though he had, by a public notice, declared submission." A third "received a written message declaring that, if he intended such 'villainy' as to set tithes at the old rates, the Rightboys had prepared a pitched shirt for him, in which they would set him on fire." The Protestant clergy were sorely pressed by the Rightboy movement, which may be described as the first tithe war. They had in several cases to fly from their parishes and take refuge in the large towns. So great was deemed their danger and distress, that a Bill was introduced in the Irish House of Commons in 1786, "to protect the persons, houses, and properties of rectors, vicars, and curates actually resident within their parishes." This mild Coercion Bill was, after a protracted debate, rejected by an Irish landlord Parliament, principally because it proposed to levy a fine on the land of the parishes where the injuries were inflicted. Indeed, it would seem, upon the whole, that, during the Rightboy agitation the landlords had not much sympathy for the clergy. There are those who have gone so far as to say that the disturbances were actually encouraged by the landlords for their own ends. This grave statement was made in the Irish House of Commons on January 31, 1787, by no less a personage than Lord Clare (then Mr. Fitzgibbon, and Irish Attorney-General).

Sir! [said the leading law officer of the Government] upon the best inquiry that I have been able to make, it does not appear that there is the least ground to accuse the clergy of extortion. Far from receiving the tenth, I know of no instance in which they receive the twentieth part. I am very well acquainted with the province of Munster, and I know that it is impossible for human wretchedness to exceed that of the miserable peasantry in that province. I know that the unhappy tenantry are ground to powder by relentless landlords. I know that, far from being able to give the clergy their just dues, they have not food or raiment for themselves—the landlord grasps the whole; and sorry I am to say that—not satisfied with the present extortion—some

landlords have been so bad as to instigate the insurgents to rob the clergy of their tithes, not in order to alleviate the distress of the tenantry, but that they might add the clergys' to the cruel rack-rents already paid.

Dr. Curry, in his *Review of the Irish Civil War*, also says :

It was well known that several Protestant gentlemen and magistrates of considerable influence in the province [of Munster] did all along, for their own private ends, connive at, if not foment these tumults.

Again, Mr. Lowther, one of the members of the Irish House of Commons, stated in the debate upon which Lord Clare made the speech to which I have already referred, that—

The Magistrates and landlords are accused, and, I fear, not without reason, as being one cause of the Rightboy disturbances.

In the same debate, Sir James Catter, in defending the magistrates of the county of Cork, admitted that—

Perhaps some have been base enough to connive at the excesses in hopes of raising their rents by adding the clergys' share to what they now receive.

Finally, Dr. Woodward, the Protestant Bishop of Cloyne—

Distinctly stated, in a pamphlet written by him in 1781, that the Rightboys were encouraged in their hostility to the clergy and the Church by the Protestant landlords.

However this may be, the effects of the Rightboys' movement were for a time most severely felt by the parsons and the priests—the latter of whom completely lost their influence over the people in many parts of the south of Ireland, the former being reduced to the most pinched and straitened circumstances. This Whiteboy-Rightboy movement continued, with partial interruptions, from 1775 up to 1787, in the earlier years of which term it was directed against the landlords; in the latter, especially from 1785 to 1787, mainly against the clergy. In 1788 the movement was quelled. A curious incident of those times is related by Sir Cornewall Lewis, who states that "the most effective resistance to the Whiteboys of Kilkenny appears to have been made by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Ballygarret, who formed an armed association, and drove away with considerable loss a large body of Whiteboys who attacked a house in the town." The incident illustrates the non-sectarian nature of the Rightboy movement, and shows that many amongst the Catholic peasantry were strongly opposed to it.

(To be continued.)

The Justice of Endless Punishment.

HUMAN language has a sort of unconscious power of reproducing the settled convictions of consient humanity. It naturally and by no arbitrary agreement stamps the seal of likeness on things which are like to one another, and identifies things apparently different, where the difference has no real foundation in fact. This is why the virtue of justice, which gives to each its due, bears the same name in almost every tongue with the complexus of all the most important of human virtues. A just man is necessarily a virtuous man, and commutative justice, at least in its wider sense, enters into our relations, not only with men, but with God. Hence it is of primary importance to the Theist that we should recognize the universal, absolute, perfect, unimpeachable, all-embracing justice of our God, and no doubt is more dangerous, no form of atheism more insidious, than that which represents the King of Heaven imposing on any a burden too heavy to bear, or exposing them to temptations which are to human frailty practically irresistible, or failing to reward those who diligently seek Him, or condemning to endless misery those who have not done deeds which according to the rules of human justice would deserve the sentence of eternal woe.

It is to the Catholic theologian a willing and a joyful task to raise his voice in defence of the impugned justice of his God, and boldly throw down the gauntlet to any who assert that God in any of His dealings departs one hair's breadth from the rule of strict justice—or rather, He *does* depart from it in the case of each and every denizen of earth; but it is always on the side of mercy, condoning what in justice deserves a far heavier sentence than it receives, rewarding with extravagant liberality what in strict justice scarce deserves a reward at all. Find me one of Adam's sons and daughters, in earth, in Heaven, or in Hell, who can rightly complain that they have not received from the hands of the Omnipotent

God a full share of remunerative justice—find me one who, looking over their whole course of probation, has good reason to allege that they had not a fair chance of attaining to that happiness after which each human soul longs with an indefectible yearning—find me but one poor sinner, even among the lost, who does not recognize that he has had justice, and far more than justice, and I will at once admit that God is not a God of love, that He is a harsh tyrant, that He does not care for His poor feeble children—or rather, though it comes to the same thing, that there is no God at all.

It is, therefore, my object to show in my present paper that God deals out, even in Hell, the most exact justice; that He rewards every man according to his works; that He makes full allowance for ignorance, prejudice, education; that the punishment He inflicts is not a whit more than the punishment which the offence committed deserves. I go further than this and assert, that (so far as we can penetrate the veil between us and the world unseen) there is not a single soul among the lost who will not have to confess even amid its curses of God and its blasphemy against Him, that they received, not only a punishment in no way exceeding its deserts, but a punishment less than its deserts, that it has been treated not with bare justice but with mercy, that if it had been dealt with according to the strict rules of bare justice, it would be at the present moment enduring a heavier punishment than that which it suffers. Nay, more, it will tell us that it chose of itself, deliberately, after repeated warnings, its present lot, and that simply and solely in consequence of its own madness, folly, blindness, base ingratitude, and perverse self-will it has found its appropriate home in the blackness of darkness for ever, where the worm of fruitless remorse dies not, and the toil of bodily and mental agony shall not be quenched for ever.

But I must again remind my readers of the necessary obscurity which hangs round all the mysteries that flash upon us from the region of the unseen and from the world of the hereafter. It is ever in their power, if they are determined to do so, to shuffle off under veil of the twilight, declaring that it is too dark for them to see their way. They can and some perhaps will meet my arguments by a patronizing acknowledgment that there certainly is something to be said on my side of the question, but that they prefer the mist of the undefined,

the vague chances of a theory of "Eternal Hope" to the definite, sharply cut doctrines of Catholic truth. They can, if they choose, thus render my labour fruitless, as far as they are concerned. But if they so do, I warn them that it is at their own peril. I am not "maintaining a thesis"; I am simply setting forth the teaching of the Catholic Church and the eternal Truth of God, which of its very nature is no theory to be accepted or rejected at pleasure, but carries with it an obligation, first of all, to search and see whether it is the truth or not, and having searched and seen, to adopt it as the law of life and the rule of action. But if my reasoning is not consequent: if they do not accept my premisses, and decline to act on my conclusions, I beg them to point out where it is that my argument halts, where it is that I assume false premisses or am guilty of faulty inference.

In my last paper I showed how the Infinity of the Divine Love, so far from being incompatible with endless punishment, is the basis without which it would be impossible, how the limitation of Hell, so far from being consistent with the Divine attributes, introduces a practical denial of them, because it introduces a God dependent in one way or another on the will of His finite, contingent, dependent, imperfect creatures, a nonentity more feeble than Saturn, and more unfit to wield the sceptre of the universe than Saturn's half-human son. But the argument on God's side and arising from the necessities of His Divine nature will fall innocuous on my opponents' ears, if they on the part of man can show that the endlessness of Hell is cruel or unjust: if the punishment inflicted is either a gratuitous one, or ever exceeds by one hair's breadth in any single instance, the due proportion of suffering merited by the offence.

My argument may be stated in syllogistic form as follows. In inflicting punishment, justice consists in maintaining an exact proportion between the punishment inflicted and the wrong done. The wrong contained in an act of deliberate sin is indefinitely great. Therefore the punishment inflicted according to the rules of strict justice is also indefinitely great.¹

This major premiss I take for granted. The whole difficulty

¹ Throughout this paper I am speaking of *serious* or *mortal* sin, not of *venial* sin. Sin, in the sense in which I use it, is a grave offence against God, recognized by the sinner as such, and by which the sinner knowingly separates himself from God and forfeits His love and friendship.

lies in the minor. Can it be true that every sin called grievous,—when done under the influence of strong temptation, passed in a moment, the work of one whose weakness, or ignorance, or narrow education, or false notions of right and wrong, make resistance so difficult as to be almost impossible,—deserves eternal damnation? Can it be that every deliberate wrong committed by a poor child, even with a full knowledge that the act is a serious offence, deserves eternal anguish in the flames of Hell, so that if life should end immediately after the act is done, nothing remains for it but the blackness of darkness for ever? Can it be that the young man rejoicing in the strength of his early manhood, but with the temptation of manhood bearing down upon him with almost overwhelming force, is to be banished for ever to the dark abyss of torment, because, forsooth, in a moment of weakness he forsook the law of his God? Can it be that the poor savage, with his rudimentary notions of right and wrong, is to be handed over to the tormentors because he has failed in finding his way amid the gloom, and because other lords had dominion over him, and not the one Lord Whom he had but little chance of knowing and less of loving?

I do not deny the force of this outcry on behalf of poor suffering and sinning humanity. I appreciate, I hope, to the full the arguments of the emotional and humanitarian school; but I ask my readers to consider the matter calmly in the light of reason, not of sentiment, to weigh the question in the balance of Truth, not under the glare of picturesque emotionalism and of a misleading appeal to mercy falsely so called. Under the light of reason they will be compelled to admit that none is ever condemned to a punishment which they have not richly deserved and more than deserved, that if the punishment is to correspond to the offence (and this is what we mean by justice), every sin calls out by its very nature for an unending punishment, and that to allot it (I am speaking of justice at present, not of mercy) anything short of such punishment, would be incompatible with the Divine nature, would be a dragging down the Eternal King from His seat of Eternal Justice and Infinite Majesty.

What is sin? It is an adherence to mutable goods through a contempt for the one Immutable Good. It is a turning away from God in order to turn to creatures: it is an act or word or desire contrary to the eternal law: it is a transgression of the

Divine law, and a disobedience to the mandates of God. In these various definitions of theology there is one common element—a spurning of the law which is imposed upon man by God. But this is not all—in the case of the Divine law there is a further element in its transgression, which is not common to the human law, and which men are therefore prone to overlook. He who breaks the law of the human legislator does not necessarily show any contempt for the legislator himself. He who breaks the law of the Divine legislator thereby *ipso facto* declares, explicitly or implicitly, his contempt for God, spurns the Divine Majesty, insults the Infinite, Omnipotent God. This is the first point I have to demonstrate. But this is not sufficient: it is not enough to show that a contempt of God is involved in every sin. I must further show that any such contempt is an offence without limit and without end, and which, therefore, of its own nature merits a corresponding punishment, that is to say, punishment unlimited and never ending.

1. What is the difference between human and Divine legislation? I do not allude to the imperfection of the one and the perfection of the other—to the negative character of the one in that it forbids rather than commands, and to the positive character of the other in that the primary element in it is command, while prohibition is only secondary. I allude to the law and its personal relation to the legislator, whereby its transgression becomes a personal insult to him who has enacted it. This personal relation depends on five characteristics in the legislator as such. Where they are present, he who outrages the law outrages the legislator; where they are absent, he who breaks the law cannot be said to have committed any sort of personal offence against its author.

The first of these is the end and aim of the law laid down. If the object of a law is and is acknowledged to be the general welfare of society, then he who breaks it offends against the social order directly or indirectly: if it is the welfare of some individual, he who transgresses it injures the individual in whose benefit it is enacted. Now the primary end of every law of God is God Himself: He cannot (and this follows from the very fact of His Godhead), make any other end or object prior to His own honour; and Divine legislation, like every other Divine action, is self-centred. Every law of God might be labelled—An act for the promotion of the honour and glory of God. It is

true that it has at the same time a secondary end with which the first is not only compatible but in a way identical, so that everything which tends to the glory of God tends also to the good of man, and what promotes the one in the same proportion also promotes the other. But this secondary end is quite subordinate to the primary end of the Divine Honour, by which I mean the external manifestation of the Divine perfections, and fades into insignificance in comparison with it.

All things are created by God, not only *by* Him as their efficient cause, but *for* Him as their end and object. He is the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the source from which they proceed, and the terminus of their every energy. He works all things for His own sake. All things are of Him and by Him, and are directed to Him as the centre to which they gravitate.² Hence the Divine legislation in its every law looks first and foremost to the glory of God, and has for its object to exact from the subjects of the Legislator a loyal and devoted obedience to Him for love of Him and in His praise: since to love, praise, serve, and obey God, as it is the highest honour of all rational creatures, is also the highest manifestation of the Divine glory which is possible in the Universe which He has created. Deliberately to break His laws, to refuse this obedience to Him is, therefore, to rob Him, so far as we can, of what He prizes more than all things else outside of Himself. It is therefore the greatest wrong we can do to Him, the greatest outrage we can offer to His Divine Majesty—the greatest contempt we can show for His Omnipotence and His Love. Our offence is aggravated by our knowledge that we commit this outrage, not in some dark corner hidden away from Him, but with a consciousness of Him present to us, knowing full well that He is watching us, and watching us too with a sort of earnest anxiety for our service and obedience. What insolent contempt we therefore show when we thus disobey His law in the very presence of our God!

The second characteristic of the Divine legislation is the relation of gratuitous benevolence exercised by the Legislator to those for whom He legislates. God is our best friend and Benefactor, the only Benefactor whose benefits are a source of unmixed good to him who rightly accepts them. Other friends gain something from their friendship; not so God. Other

² Cf. Prov. xvi. 4 (Vulg. and Heb.); Apoc. xxii. 13; Rom. xi. 36 (Greek); Heb. ii. 10.

friends build their friendship on some pre-existing beauty in their friend; not so God. He sees in us no beauty which He has not given us; all that we have done is to mar, frustrate, or render fruitless the lavish yearning love of our Divine Lord; all that comes from ourselves is repulsive and revolting in His sight. His friendship is thus purely gratuitous, and not only gratuitous but liberal to a degree which would be unaccountable were it not for the noble generosity of our Divine friend. Why should He have made me when He might have made a million beings immeasurably better? Why should he have gone on guarding, watching, helping, protecting me every day of my life? Why should He have filled the world with so many beautiful sights and sounds for my benefit? Why should He have destined me, so far as He is concerned, not for a mere brief sojourn in the world of conscious existence, but for a joy and happiness surpassing all belief and all conception? Why should He have done all this and a thousand other acts of generous, gratuitous, far-sighted, and persevering friendship?³

When I break His law and commit sin, I turn my back on this friend as if He were my greatest enemy. I renounce all my obligations. I practically tell Him that henceforth I will have none of Him. I prefer to His Divine friendship some contemptible trifle, transitory, worthless, unsatisfying, often in itself degrading and unworthy and detestable. And beside this I protest that for this miserable trifle I intend to give up, so far as I am concerned, His friendship for all eternity. I am resolved to break with Him once and for ever; to cast aside every tie which binds me to Him, to renounce my allegiance, and to renounce it for ever, since he who sins knows full well that this act is on his part an eternal severance and separation from God, without limit and without end, that nothing that he can do can restore that friendship, however bitter his regret, however intense his remorse, since without the aid of his friend he can never make that act of submission which alone can bring about a reconciliation. Could outrage be more brutal, or insult more

³ The reader will perhaps be surprised at the absence of any mention of God's greatest gift, in which He gave Himself for men. But I purposely omit the Incarnation, because I am arguing the question on the grounds of natural reason alone, and it would therefore be out of place to bring forward as a ground for gratitude a fact known to us only by Revelation. It is unnecessary to point out how the consideration of the Incarnation strengthens to an almost indefinite extent the force of every point in my argument.

aggravated? Could there be a clearer manifestation of malice and ill-will?

3. There is another important consideration which aggravates indefinitely the guilt of sin as a breach of the Divine law. We are the personal property of the Legislator, in a sense compared with which all human proprietorship is but a name. For God possesses us by a title of dominion which includes and surpasses all other titles and all other claims. He has a right to us, body and soul—a right to our every thought and word and action, a right to everything which we call our own, whether it be internal or external goods, liberty, friends, or fortune—a right which is the source of all other rights and titles of possession. This right is the right which results from the fact of His being our Creator. The poet who brings into existence an epic or tragedy has full right of possession to the poem he has written. The sculptor has an absolute right to the statue he has limned, and this although in one and the other case their creation is only improperly such. They need external helps and aids, and the very form of beauty they impress upon the work of their hands is partly derived from forms of sense they have looked upon, partly from the internal form or notion of beauty which nature has given them.

But God creates in the strict and proper sense of the term. We are so familiar with the Creation that we lose sight of its Divine characteristics. If God had taken a pre-existing grain of sand or lump of earth, and out of it made animal or man, we should be struck dumb with astonishment at the marvel. Yet this would be a marvel altogether less than the marvel of making even a grain of sand out of a pre-existing nothing. No creature can create in the proper sense of the term, and theologians tell us that God Himself could not impart His creative power to the highest of the Archangels. Creation alone gives a full and absolute right of complete possession, because creation alone is an independent act. The poet or sculptor is dependent on a hundred pre-existing conditions. He who acquires by right of purchase is surrounded by a thousand limitations; the gold which he paid came to him by inheritance or is the result of long labour; the object he has acquired possession of he holds only under subservience to his country's laws and the laws of God. The so-called ownership lasts but a few years, and the higher in the scale of existence the object owned, the less is his hold over it. The costly plant

may droop and die in an hour. The animal has a sort of reciprocal claim on its owner, and wilful cruelty and mutilation will be visited with legal punishment. Man cannot possess his fellow man except where there is degradation and a low and almost Pagan standard in the relation between man and man; and even then the possession is lawful only in a very limited degree. But God is absolute master in every possible sense of the words. When the Holy Father calls himself *Servus Servorum Dei* he is but enunciating a truism, though it is a truism ill recognized in the modern world.

Now God's ownership of the creatures He has made is broken by sin, or rather sin is an attempt to filch from God His dearest treasure—the soul of man. How we cling to our own petty ownership! how we despise the ownership of God! In our garden stands a tree which we call ours. It sprang up without any labour of ours, we never tended or cared for it. The earth in which it stands cost us nothing; the rains of spring, the light of summer, the mellow sun of autumn—what have we to do with these? Yet we keenly resent the act of our neighbour who carries off but one or two of the fruits from the heavy laden boughs! He is a criminal, a miscreant, and a robber! What then must he be who steals from God a soul by mortal sin—who deprives Him as far as is possible of what is His absolute property? He formed this soul, tended it through childhood, guarded it in youth, preserved it in manhood, fostered it with zealous care. We on our part deliberately rob Him of His treasure—knowingly, wilfully, in His very sight. Is not this to do high despite to the Lord of Lords?

4. The Legislator is also our King, to Whom we owe unlimited and unreserved allegiance. We are His subjects, and the most extravagant loyalty, the most romantic chivalry, never gave to monarch or to suzerain a hundredth part of the devotion that God has a right to from His rational creatures. The service we owe Him is not only an occasional recognition of His dominion, a payment of tribute now and again as an acknowledgment of His sovereignty, but a continued dedication to Him of every action, word, thought, hope, desire, imagination, so that all should be under His control and guidance, and should, directly or indirectly, have the promotion of His dominion and sovereignty for their ultimate aim and end. Body and soul, will, intellect, memory—all are bound to own Him as their supreme Lord and Master, and pay Him a never ceasing

homage of absolute and perfect obedience. Now sin is a distinct refusal to obey our King. It is high treason the most aggravated; it is a declaration of open rebellion; it is disowning of our allegiance, and this not merely for a moment, but, as far as we are concerned, for ever. It is more than this—it is at the same time an acceptance of service under another king, who is the bitterest enemy of our rightful Lord, and whom we know to be a very ideal (if ideal there can be), of all that is hideous and revolting and foul. For he whom Christians regard as the impersonation of evil, hates our liege Lord, and makes it the one object of his existence to injure His cause, and would fain, if He could, drag Him down from His throne in Heaven. To this great enemy and usurper each mortal sin is a swearing of homage. How could we show more complete contempt of any monarch than by enlisting under the standard of his rebellious subject—one too who, once high in his service, is now the most loathsome and contemptible being in the universe. We, knowing this, swear eternal friendship with him against our God. Is not this, I ask again, outrage the most outrageous, villany the most villanous, contempt the most contemptuous for the King of Heaven?

Lastly, God is the final end for which we are created—the source of all our happiness and all our joy, and this each rational being in the world knows full well. All things, says the philosopher of old, aim at some end, and that end is supreme above the rest to which all other ends subserve. This supreme end is the Personal, Eternal, Omnipotent God, Who has promised us by the voice of nature, as well as of revelation, that if we follow now the voice by which He guides us on our road, our path shall lead us ere long to the possession of happiness untroubled, of joy unspeakable, of pleasure unalloyed, and that all these are to be found in Him. We all, however ignorant, recognize this voice within us—it speaks clearly enough for all to hear. It tells us in accents ever unmistakeable to him who chooses to listen, that He Who is the end after which we yearn, the Fount of joy which alone can satisfy us, is guiding us by this voice along the road which leads in the end to that all-satisfying termination of our journey—to that fount of living water which wells up ready for us to drink and never to thirst again. If on our journey we deliberately turn our backs on the end to which we are journeying; if we break off from the road, knowing that we are wandering off into the dark, where we shall be lost amid

swamp and quagmire ; if we follow a will-of-the-wisp, which we know full well is not the true light ; if we drink of water on the way the muddy foulness of which disgusts us even as we drink it, which we know to be deadly poison, and which will deaden and stupify us so that we shall fail of reaching our journey's happy end—what else is this but a wanton contempt for Him Who, at the end of the journey, promises us in Himself joy which eye hath not seen or ear heard, nor can man's heart conceive ?

Now if any one has thus knowingly, wilfully, and deliberately separated himself from Him Whom he knows to be His King, Friend, Creator, and the Source of all his happiness and joy, can we wonder, can we blame any one but the offender himself, if this separation, with all its consequences, endures for ever ? If I cast myself off from the Source of all light, who but myself is responsible for the eternal darkness in which I am involved ? If I disown with contempt and insult the friendship of Him Who has loaded me with benefits, what can I expect in common fairness except that the alienation should be an eternal one ? If I raise the open standard of rebellion against my King, knowing as I do that when once I have become a rebel, I I never can return, as far as my own powers are concerned, to the allegiance of my rightful monarch, how can I fail to recognize the perfect justice of treating me as a rebel to the bitter end, and giving me a rebel's lot ? If I have cast myself off deliberately and wilfully, and by an act of which I knew that the consequences were such that I myself never could afterwards repair them, from the Fountain of all happiness, joy, and pleasure, what else can I expect in common equity but that God should take me at my word, and that my nature, yearning with all its energy after happiness, should be beaten back on all sides with the hopeless misery of an unsatisfied craving, and of the misery and endless longing for the good I have thus deliberately forfeited ? What else is this but common justice ? What possible right have I to complain, if God takes me at my word and hands me over to that eternal separation from Him which is but another name for Hell ?

The sinner takes up the dirt from beneath his feet, and flings it in the face of his God, declaring meanwhile that he prefers that which he himself recognizes as contemptible, and foul, and loathsome, to the friendship of the Eternal God ; that he chooses the hideousness of some abomination to the Infinite

Beauty of the Divine Majesty ; that he takes, for his master and lord, the very impersonation of evil rather than the Lord of Heaven and Earth ; that he, an infinitesimal nothing in God's universe, prefers to walk in the light of his purblind eyes, and to stumble along in the self-chosen path of his own follies and fancies, rather than to tread the road as to which he ever hears a clear voice from God urging within him, " This is the way, walk you in it," and towards which an unseen hand impels him, though he frustrates its Divine help by the mad, suicidal struggles of his perverse and wanton waywardness. All this the sinner says emphatically to his God, and much more. Is not this contempt, insult, outrage, when we think what God is, and what we are, when we remember our vileness on the one hand, and the Infinite Majesty of God on the other ?

I shall perhaps be told that all this is true in theory, but that in practice the sinner does not realize the eternal consequences and indelible character of the act he is committing, that he is hurried into it by passion or distress, that he has at best but a faint and obscure consciousness that he is thus forsaking God, rebelling against Him, disowning His friendship, setting at nought His love. In many cases it is so. And for this very reason many sins, in themselves grievous, are not really so when the circumstances are taken into account. Many are excused by the ignorance of an ill-informed conscience, like St. Paul triumphing over the martyred Stephen ; others by a vicious education, like the child who kneels before an idol ; others by the sudden surprise of one who is off his guard ; others by some physical or mental affection. How far they are excused, and when they are excused, does not concern us here. It is a question for moral theology, though even moral theology can but lay down general rules, leaving the individual case to the conscience of the agent and to the all-searching eye of God. The principle, however, is an universal one, that where there is present to the mind of the agent a deliberate or implicit consciousness that the act done separates him from God, or is a serious breach of the Divine law, an overt act of rebellion, one which God has forbidden under pain of separation from His service, love, and friendship, then there is a sin deserving that endless punishment which is but a continuation under different circumstances of this self-chosen separation. On the other hand, whenever ignorance, or surprise, or passion, so obscure the reason (the man himself not being the cause of his abnormal condition) that he

cannot exert a free act of choice between good and evil, then the sin is at least partially excused, even if it be a sin at all. But here I must guard against a misconception. When I say the force of passion obscures the reason, I must not be understood to concede to the passionate or sensual man, or the drunkard, or the glutton, his false assertion that he cannot resist the strength of his evil impulses. This is one of the lying devices by which men basely seek to excuse themselves by throwing the blame on Him Who made them. Passion, it is true, is often strong with a fierce and terrible strength, but he who asserts it to be irresistible either knows in his heart that his assertion is false, and one day will confess in the face of all creation that he and he alone is to blame for his sins; or else he has become so blinded by long indulgence, so hardened by deliberate rebellion against God, so weakened even in his sense of truth by his refusal to obey his conscience, that he is practically handed over to a reprobate mind, deprived by the just judgment of God even of the power of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, or of knowing when it is he speaks the truth and when he is but repeating once more the oft-repeated lie which continual repetition has dressed up in his mind in a false semblance of truth.

There is another very common error that confirms many in their difficulties in reconciling the endlessness of punishment with justice and equity. They imagine that the final sentence of eternal joy and eternal woe is supposed to depend indirectly or directly on the amount of good and evil deeds that he has done during his life, and are perhaps misled by the picture of the Angel of Judgment holding in his hand a pair of scales with the good deeds in one and the evil deeds in the other. This mistaken opinion very naturally makes it difficult, nay impossible, to believe that one who has committed but one single sin, in childhood perhaps or in youth, can deserve for it eternal loss. Is this one offence against God, grievous though it be, to turn the scale against all the struggles with temptation, the generous acts of impulsive goodness, the deeds of kindness and charity, which have been writ down in golden letters in the book of God? Certainly not. But it is not by a mathematical valuation that men's doom is fixed. That which differentiates the saved from the lost is simply this—whether at the time of their death they had made that act of submission to the Divine Majesty, that willing recognition of

His dominion over us which alone can place us in the proper relation to our Creator and so unite us to Him in the bonds of charity. Without this no man can see God ; without this we are in the camp of the enemy ; without this Heaven would be no Heaven to us ; without this it would be cruelty not kindness to admit us within the golden gates of the City of God. It is true that every act of supernatural virtue renders this submission more easy, because it clears the eye of the soul and enables reason to perceive its essential dependence, and that to be independent is an aberrancy from right reason. It is true that every act of sin, every deed of evil, makes this submission more distasteful, confirms the morbid longing after independence, fans the flame of rebellious self-assertion, warps the judgment and clouds the mental sight ; but a thousand grievous sins in themselves would not avail to keep us out of Heaven, if we had at life's last gasp breathed out one sigh of humble submission to Him who has promised that He will never cast out one who thus comes to Him. And if my readers think that this is making Heaven too cheap and even opening the door to a reckless life in the hope that all may be repaired by this final submission, the answer is not far to find. To say nothing of the agony of flames of purgatorial fire, any reliance on this final act of submission is a fond and a fatal delusion. Whether it is granted to all at the last moment, when the shadows of earth are vanishing and the attractions of earthly things have already fled away, is at best a pious hope rather than a belief resting on any solid foundation. It may be that even in the case of sudden death this chance of a final reconciliation with God is granted to those who are at enmity with Him. The testimony of physicians that the final separation of soul and body is generally preceded by a period of repose, when the death agony is over but the spark of life is not yet extinct, seems to confirm the conjecture. Yet even if it be true, it is not in man's unassisted power to avail himself of the opportunity granted him. He may at that last moment have brought himself to the condition of those who will not hear the voice of the charmer, charm He never so wisely. The Divine offer may be there and the assisting grace, but the perverse will may be so hardened as to be incapacitated for accepting it. For gradually, little by little, he who deliberately indulges in sin, loses not only the willingness to submit, but the very capacity for submission. Wrapt as he is in the cloak of some form or

other of self-love, the eye of his soul becomes dimmed by pride till it can scarce discern between light and darkness. Deluded by sinful pleasure long indulged, the vigour of his energies centred on that honour or wealth which for him occupies the throne where God should be, he comes at last face to face with God, at the momentous hour when soul and body are about to bid each other for a time farewell, and has no power or wish then to turn his affections to Him Who is the Source of all beauty and all happiness. He is so confirmed in the spirit of revolt that when he recognizes that the choice for him is submission with eternal happiness as its reward, and revolt with everlasting woe as its guerdon, he deliberately chooses the latter rather than lower the standard of his rebellion.

It is said that St. Francis Borgia, once praying at the bedside of a dying man, saw the crucifix he held before his eyes hold out its arms towards him, and heard it beg of him in tones of tenderness and love not to reject the proffered mercy, but the hardened sinner turned his head away with an expression of aversion and despair. Most Catholic priests have witnessed, in the course of a long experience, cases similar to this, where there is everything to gain by submission, but yet submission seems impossible to man's perverse and perverted will. It is this final act of rebellion, whether it be made at the last or at some earlier period of his career, which Holy Scripture describes as the sin against the Holy Ghost, and the sin unto death for which there is no forgiveness in this world or in the world to come. It is the conscious rejection of God, not under the maddening attractiveness of some trifling prize of earth, but deliberately and with a full knowledge of the nature of the choice. It is the act of "masterful" self-will, choosing rather to incur the eternal hell of forced, degrading, abject, agonized, unwilling subjection, than the Heaven of happy, joyful, willing, ennobling, elevating submission. This deliberate choice of evil is made at some time or other by all the lost. Who can say that God is unjust when He only takes them at their word?

The reader will already have gathered from what I have said one characteristic of sin which renders its punishment according to the laws of justice permanent and irreversible. The sinner in making his choice has made it as a permanent choice, with all the consequences which its permanence carries with it. Even the most degraded savage knows that he is breaking an eternal law which has an unlimited claim on his obedience, and

proceeds from a Supreme power Who has an unbounded right to exact a loyal submission. He knows too that he is cutting himself off from One respecting Whom he has a secret though implicit consciousness that He is the Source of all true joy and happiness; he knows that he is showing despite to One Who has a right to honour, support, and allegiance without limit. He knows this feebly and imperfectly perhaps, but with sufficient distinctness to render him fully responsible for the deliberate breach of the law which he recognizes, for the conscious act of rebellion towards the Power Whose voice speaks to his soul. Feeble perhaps is his knowledge, and in proportion to this feebleness the punishment of Hell will be lightened for him; indistinct is the voice which sounds within him, and in proportion to that indistinctness will be the fewness of his stripes. But it will never be so feeble or indistinct as to enable any one of the millions of the lost to complain that they have not had full justice and more than justice. Each and all will cry out to all eternity, *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*—I knew full well what I was doing; I chose enmity with God, knowing that it was an enmity that I had no means of my own to escape from; I chose a separation from Him, knowing that I was separating myself from the Eternal Source of good—and therefore I am justly lost.

So far for the fact of sin being a contempt for God. There is yet another argument by which we may demonstrate from reason the endless punishment which sin in justice demands.

When we insult one of our fellow-creatures, the degree of malice contained in the act varies in proportion to the dignity of the person insulted. He who by word and deed shows contempt to a beggar or a criminal, does him no great wrong; he may insult him by word and gesture, treat him most ignominiously, even strike him, and no great wrong is done to the poor man: a small present will soon heal his wounded honour. If it is an equal whom we treat in precisely the same way, if to an equal we use the same words, the same gestures, the same ignominious treatment, we do him a serious wrong. If it is a superior, the insult becomes an outrage, and the wrong we do is in a certain proportion to his superiority to us. If I, a man of low estate, insult one who is by birth and education and position a gentleman, each of these points of vantage makes my action the more grievous. If I, a commoner, insult a peer, the dignity of his coronet aggravates and intensifies my insult. If

it is a king whom I treat with ignominy, the far higher dignity of the crown increases by a vast degree the wrong I have done. The application of this principle to our subject is simple enough. If there is this proportion between the dignity of the person for whom contempt is shown and the guilt and wrong contained in the contemptuous act, the guilt of an action which contemns a God of infinite dignity and majesty must be in some sense infinite. Not in the strict sense of the term, for I am anxious not to exaggerate, but (to use once more a word which may perhaps stamp the idea I am seeking to impress on the mind of my reader) *syncategorematically* infinite, *i.e.*, surpassing in extent of evil all other evils real and possible. Justice, therefore, which gives to each its due, will allot to every sin a punishment syncategorematically infinite, *i.e.*, one which surpasses all other punishments real or possible. What else will this be but a punishment which knows no respite, no end, no alleviation, though eternal ages roll on for ever, and age succeeds to age in a series which after countless ages have rolled by is no nearer its termination than when it first began to run its endless course.⁴

To sum up my conclusion hitherto. Sin is a deliberate act of contempt against the God of Infinite goodness and therefore contains in itself an endless guilt to which it is perfectly just that an endless punishment be allotted. It is a separation from God which is effected with a consciousness on the sinner's part that it is or may be an eternal separation, and this consciousness

⁴ Theologians illustrate the proportion between the Infinite majesty of God and the corresponding guilt of sin, by a mathematical comparison. Let us suppose two series, one in arithmetical, the other in geometrical progression, running side by side. One of them will be expressed by the formula--

$$a + (a+b) + (a+2b) + (a+3b) + \dots + (a+nb).$$

The other by the formula--

$$a + ab + ab^2 + ab^3 + \dots + ab^n$$

If n be infinite (in the mathematical sense), ab^n will be infinite, and $a+nb$ will also be infinite. But ab^n will also be so far greater than $a+nb$ in its infinity that there is practically no comparison between them. The reader will see if he gives numerical value to a , b , and n , that as n increases, the difference between $a+nb$ and ab^n becomes rapidly greater, and when n is infinite, the difference (to speak mathematically and paradoxically) between the two infinities will be itself infinite. If we represent the increasing dignity of the person outraged by a , ab , ab^2 . . . ab^n , and the amount of guilt incurred a , $a+b$, $a+2b$. . . $a+nb$, the guilt of the offence against the Infinite will be in a sense infinite, but with an infinity which has no proportion, strictly so called, to the Infinity of Him against Whom it is committed. In the same way the guilt of sin, though in a manner infinite, has no sort of proportion, properly so called, with the Infinity of God.

precludes him from any just complaint if his determination to separate from his God be accepted ; it is an overt act of rebellion, explicit or implicit, accompanied by the knowledge that once outside the cause of the King, once enrolled in the army of the foe,—the return to his allegiance is, as far as his own unaided action is concerned, out of his power once and for ever ; that he cannot of himself either wish for reconciliation or carry out the wish, and therefore to treat him as an enemy, a permanent enemy, is but to allot him that portion in the order of Creation that he has himself chosen. When men indulge in picturesque sentimentalism respecting the ghastly horrors of the place of torment and assert that such a prison house could not have been created by Almighty God,—they would do well to analyze their notions a little more closely lest perchance they should be talking nonsense.

I have tried to show in the present paper that their plea of injustice to the sinner is a feeble one. I shall next proceed to shew that their argument from the mercy of God is equally feeble, and their talk about gratuitous cruelty is feebler still.

The Precursors of the Reformation.

CHAPTER II.

THE ENGLISH LOLLARDS, WHAT THEY TAUGHT AND WHAT THEY DID.

THE death of Wyclif produced no very marked change upon the progress of his opinions. His followers were as zealous and as successful in propagating them as they had been while they were yet guided by his directions and animated by his presence. Although no one, either ecclesiastic or layman, of an influence equal to that of the deceased Rector of Lutterworth, came forward to continue the warfare which he had proclaimed against the Church, still the spirit of bitter hostility by which it was animated suffered no diminution of its intensity. In one sense the movement was advanced rather than retarded by the decease of the heresiarch. His presence, while it confessedly had been a bond of union for his followers, had at the same time acted as a power which restrained the action and repressed the aspirations of those more ardent spirits among them who had much to gain and little to lose. At his death his followers broke up into separate parties, each of which thought itself at liberty to pursue its own ends according to its own plans, and without regard to the opinions or practices of its neighbours; while, at the same time, every single individual among them considered himself as the representative of the great master, and, as such, pledged to carry on the work which he had originated.

We understand their line of argument, and we do not wonder at the conclusions to which it led them. They appealed to motives which easily find a response in the pride of the human heart. Ignorant men listen with complaisance to the voice which assures them that they are sufficiently learned to be quite competent to form their own opinions on all matters which concern themselves; that as every one best knows his own wants, so he best understands his own interests; that hitherto

he has been held in bondage, and that the time has come for him to vindicate his own independence; that he is wiser than his teachers, and no longer needs their instruction. Such arguments as these produced their unavoidable result. The respect of the people for constituted authority, whether in Church or State, once broken down, every innovation in religion and politics was easy; and we cannot wonder when the annals of our country tell us that Lollardism broke out into open insurrection in the year 1381, and made itself known by fire, rapine, and bloodshed.

The descent from order to insubordination was gradual but natural. From an early stage of its existence the mischief of Wyclif's teaching had shown itself by a diminished attendance at Mass and a growing disregard for the holy sacraments. Until the time of which we are speaking, the church had been the House of God, to which His children had resorted as a privilege and a blessing. The sacraments had been always regarded as the divinely appointed channels for the communication of His grace through the ministry of the Catholic priest. All this had now come to an end. The clergy were regarded as a cage full of unclean birds, the church was a house of abomination, the sacraments were a fraud; there was nothing true in this old-fashioned Christianity, and the sooner it was thrust out of sight so much the better for the poor man, whom it had cheated, misled, and plundered. All the authority with which it had hitherto been invested was now transferred to the Lollard preacher.

Political causes, too, favoured the growth of the movement. The inglorious end of the reign of the Third Edward, followed by the unsettled condition of affairs as well abroad as at home during the whole of the unhappy rule of his successor, Richard the Second, occupying between them what we may reckon as an entire generation of human life, were periods admirably adapted for the seed-time and the growth of a popular heresy. A long schism in the Papacy augmented the evil. Under such influences ecclesiastical discipline grew weak, for the culprit would not accept it and the priest could not enforce it. A powerful and active political body among the nobles in the Court of England made its profit by humbling the Bishops, who did not dare to exercise the authority with the administration of which they had been intrusted. Theories as to the rights of humanity, as to the origin of government, as to the limits of the

obedience which the subject owes to the Sovereign, no less crude than dangerous, grew up among the working men; and the meetings and discussions which followed naturally increased the irritation and tended to the growth and diffusion of the mischief. Each of these elements of disunion was in turn reflected back upon the other, so that at last by their combined agency a condition of things was brought about which augured ill for the tranquillity of England.

The dissatisfied commons needed a leader, and they found one in the person of John Ball, a priest who for many years past had embraced the doctrines of Wyclif. He it was, who according to the Anglican Collier¹ (whose narrative I here follow as a generally accepted authority), he it was who beat out the scheme and encouraged the rebellion. A project of this bulk and boldness was not formed and concerted upon the sudden; it seems to have been no less than twenty years under Ball's contrivance. During this interval he made it his business to debauch the understandings of the vulgar, making them believe that servitude and villeinage were states never intended by God and nature; that this condition of disadvantage was imposed upon them by the wealthy, and kept up by injustice and ambition. Christians ought to assert their native liberty. All men were equal at first, and they ought to continue so. Such persons as had engrossed more than their due share should relinquish part of their ill-gotten wealth, and if they refused so reasonable a reformation, they were to be made to do so by force; for where nature was equal, power and condition ought to be so too. From these general principles Ball deduced certain practical conclusions. He asked his hearers not to forget the liberties to which they were born. He gave them a discharge from paying tithes; he preached strongly against the authority of the clergy, and told them they were under no obligations either to Church or State. In other matters he followed the most plausible of Wyclif's opinions.

As Ball promulgated these opinions far and wide, he soon fell under the censure of his ecclesiastical Superiors, whose monitions he disregarded. When he was restrained from preaching in a church, the people flocked about him in the streets and ran after him to conventicles in the fields. At last, being excommunicated, and refusing to move for absolution, he was apprehended and imprisoned by order of the Archbishop of

¹ *Hist.* i. 569.

Canterbury.² As he was being carried to the gaol at Maidstone he told the people that he would soon be set at liberty by an army of twenty thousand men. The time had now come when his Kentish followers undertook the accomplishment of this prophecy.

The habitual mismanagement of the State accelerated the outbreak which had thus been impending; and after some warnings, which ought not to have been neglected, the populace broke out into an open insurrection. Besides the official State Papers which exist in considerable numbers bearing upon the history of this event, we possess two independent narratives which illustrate it very fully, one written by a monk of St. Alban's, the other by a Canon Regular of Leicester.³ As was natural, each historian deals chiefly with the incidents which occurred in his own immediate neighbourhood. We cannot do better than make them the basis of our own account of some of the events which took place during this popular outbreak. We begin with the narrative of the monk of St. Alban's,⁴ which has the claim to priority, since it tells us how the disciples of Wyclif conducted themselves in their dealings with the highest authorities within the realm of England.

Our historian, Thomas of Walsingham, introduces us in the first place to the excited mob of bondsmen and peasants which flocked up to London from the flats and marshes of Essex. Dull-brained as they generally were, upon the present occasion all were fired by lofty aspirations; all were to be lords, hence-

² He was shut up in the Archbishop's prison at Maidstone. Bishops and the Abbots of the greater monasteries had the power of confining refractory subjects. A prison at Tynemouth Priory is noticed in Dugd. *Mon.* iii. 309. Frequent mention of such a prison is made in the Rule of St. Saviour, published in Aungier's History of Syon Monastery. In Prynne's Records, vol. iii., may be seen a letter of William, Abbot of Bindon, to King Edward the First (June, 1290), requesting that John de Wymford, a fugitive monk, may be arrested and handed over to the keeping of those persons who are charged with the care of his soul, "according to the discipline of our Order." A secular priest having fallen into grievous sin, the following penance was imposed upon him by his Bishop: To fast every Friday for a twelvemonth on bread, vegetables, and small beer; every week to recite in the church the entire Psalter, and to pray for the forgiveness of his sins with contrition of heart. See Oliver's *Monast. Exon.* pp. vii. 3.

³ Henry de Knighton, Canon Regular of Leicester, wrote his Chronicle during the reign of Richard the Second. See Tanner's *Bibl.* p. 459.

⁴ I quote the following passage from Mr. Riley's Preface to the late edition of this Chronicle (Lond. 1863, vol. i. p. x.): "To a great extent this history is immediately derived from an older compilation, once belonging to the Abbey of St. Alban's, made probably between the years 1377 and 1392, at which date it closes." The details given in the text, therefore, are those furnished by a contemporary writer.

forth there were to be no more servants. The movement began on a small scale, but it speedily assumed larger dimensions, for the originators did not conceal their intention of making short work with such as neglected to attend at the place and time appointed. Defaulters were told that their property, such as it was, should be forfeited, their houses burnt, and as for themselves, their heads should be cut off. All labour was disregarded, the usual work in the field was abandoned, the plough was idle, and the seed time passed by unheeded. Men left their farms and their families in obedience to the summons of these self-constituted leaders. The mob soon amounted to five thousand men, and a ragged regiment they were, worthy to have passed muster at Coventry. Some of them had no better arms than a thick stick; a few carried rusty swords, others were provided with axes, and lastly came a troop armed only with an old-fashioned bow and a single arrow with a solitary feather to it. Out of a thousand of such ragamuffins scarce one single person was armed like a soldier. Yet numerically they were strong, and they thought themselves invincible. Persuaded that nothing could resist them, they joined the expedition, scarcely knowing why, and each man determined to win a kingdom for himself. Before setting out they sent messengers into Kent, who invited their fellows in that county to meet them in London, where they would help each other in obtaining liberty and abolishing evil usages and objectionable payments.⁵

The men of Kent were not slow in accepting the invitation of their friends in Essex, profiting by whose experience they followed the same line of action with the same results. They first tried their prentice hand upon a company of pilgrims who were on their way to Canterbury, whom they compelled to take an oath, of which one clause only is worth quoting, to the effect that they would do their best to procure the abrogation of all taxes, except the payment of a single fifteenth. Evidently they were inexperienced in their trade, but we shall find that they speedily improved by practice.

The rising in Kent soon became more general and more enthusiastic than that in Essex, and in every sense it was more formidable and more dangerous. Deprived of the presence of its late idol, John Ball, it was now under the guidance of a leader, named Wat the Tyler, to whose sway

⁵ Walsingham, *Hist. Angl.* i. 454.

it yielded a ready obedience. As it increased in strength it increased in violence; so that ere long men discovered what were its doctrines and how they were promulgated. The law loving and peaceful population of the districts through which these Kentish marauders passed on their road to London, fled before them in terror, scared not only by the report of what they had done already, but by the threats of what they were about to execute. The mob hated law and everything connected with it, especially the men by whom the law was enforced. They had laid it down as a political axiom that so long as there were lawgivers there could be no liberty, and they resolved to act according to the inference which naturally arose from this maxim. Wherever therefore the Kentish men could lay their hands upon judge or juror, from the highest to the lowest, they made these unfortunates shorter by the head. The pithy form in which they expressed their theory and the zeal with which they put it into exercise afforded great delight to these simple-minded rustics. Aiming at consistency and thoroughness, the next step was to destroy every memorial of the reign of this hateful legalism. If it were a badge of tyranny, as it undoubtedly was, then the legal document which embodied it was no less so, and therefore as such was doomed to destruction. They acted accordingly, and tore into shreds or burnt to ashes every title deed, every roll, every charter, on which they could lay their hands. Then they rose in public opinion as the guardians of the liberties of the people. As they marched onwards to the doomed city their numbers rapidly increased in vice and violence. They were joined by volunteers from all quarters, villains, bond tenants, and country clowns, every runaway apprentice who had robbed his master's till, every fraudulent debtor who could not pay the score which he had contracted, every ill-doer who had fled from before the face of the bailiff, was welcomed as a friend and treated as a brother. When at last they halted on Blackheath they are said to have amounted to one hundred thousand men; and so confident were they in their triumph that they sent a message to the King inviting him to come to them that he might hear the terms which they had to propose for his acceptance.

Great was the consternation of the inhabitants of London, and great were the divisions among the members of the Royal Council. Of these some advised the young King to grant the rebels the interview which they demanded, while others were

still more urgent in dissuading him from trusting his life among such a lawless assemblage. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Treasurer of England took this latter view of the subject, and expressed themselves so earnestly that their opinions became known to the ringleaders. The King's refusal to venture among them was naturally attributed to the influence of these ministers, and the mob vowed that they should be made to pay for their opinions with their heads. After this delay at Blackheath the march to London was resumed. As they passed through Southwark they broke open the Marshalsea Prison, and freed all the prisoners, whom they compelled to join their ranks. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City wished to close the gates, but were overawed and hindered by their own populace, whose attitude showed that they meant to make common cause with the enemy outside the walls. It was clear to all that ere long, unless some prompt measures were adopted, the English capital would be at the mercy of the insurgents.

Hitherto these Kentishmen had preserved a certain amount of good discipline in their own ranks, and had acted with honesty towards the tradesmen with whom they had dealt on their line of march up to London. They had taken nothing by violence, but had paid a reasonable price for what they wanted. The change for the worse which now took place is possibly to be attributed to the presence and advice of their old friend John Ball, the Lollard preacher, who once more found himself among them. When we last heard of him he was an inmate of the Archbishop's prison at Maidstone, but he was not forgotten by his former disciples and admirers. When they halted on Blackheath they sent off a party to liberate their chaplain. They broke open the prison and freed this victim of clerical tyranny, who gladly accompanied them back to the main body of the insurgents. Ball inaugurated his office by preaching to the mob, and as if in a mockery of his former duties he took for his text the well-known proverbial couplet—

When Adam delved and Eve span
Where was then the gentleman?

In treating of this subject he put his hearers in mind that originally all men were equals, and that as long as they were governed by the laws of nature they kept upon even ground and maintained this blessed parity. All distinctions of dignity, said he, are the inventions of oppression, tricks to cheat people

of their liberty; in short, a conspiracy of the rich against the poor. Therefore, to make this project significant and to do themselves right, he advised them to kill the lords spiritual and temporal, the judges, the lawyers, and all pen and inkhorn men, who belonged either to Westminster Hall or the Court Christian. These men, said he, are all of them enemies to the liberty of the Commons, and not to be endured. When they are dispatched servitude and poverty will die with them. He reminded them that God had now put into their hands the opportunity of liberating themselves, and that it was their business to avail themselves of this opportunity which if neglected might never return.

Excited by this address the mob caught the spirit of their High Priest. They declared that he was a prophet sent to them from Heaven, and that he was the only person fitted to be Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor of England. A council of war was held, in which it was decided that the two functionaries who at this time held these offices should be put to death; and that certain others, whom they had marked out, should be executed without the formality of a trial. Having done this, they issued a proclamation in the name of the King and Commons, making no mention either of the Bishops or the Temporal Nobility. Thus passed Thursday, the twelfth of June, being the great Festival of Corpus Christi.

When the mob crossed London Bridge on the morning of Friday, the 13th of June, their better spirit had died out and the reign of lawlessness and cruelty began. Joined by the mob from Southwark and London the work of destruction was inaugurated. They burnt to the ground the stately mansion of the Duke of Lancaster situated in the Savoy, the like to which was not to be found in the whole of England; they tore down and destroyed all his rich furniture; they threw his gold and silver plate and his jewels into the Thames; for it had been announced by proclamation among them that if any one of their number retained aught to his own use which had belonged to their hated enemy, that man should die the death. In proof that they were in earnest it is recorded that when one of them was detected having thrust a piece of plate into his bosom, his companions presently flung both him and his booty into the fire, saying they were not thieves who had come to enrich themselves with plunder. "But as to good liquor (says Tyrrell),⁶

⁶ *Hist. of England*, iii. 858.

they were not so scrupulous, for two-and-thirty of them being got into the Duke's wine cellar they tipped so long 'till the rafters of the house being on fire fell down and stopped up the passage that they could not get out, but were heard to cry seven days after, and so perished unpitied." From the Savoy to the Temple was an easy distance, and thither the riotous mob now hastened. Then, as now, the Temple was one of the principal residences of the legal profession, against which the Lollards had pronounced the sentence of death and destruction, a sentence which they lost no time in carrying into execution. Here they ruined the buildings, with the exception of the church, and destroyed all the legal papers which they could discover. Next they set fire to the Hospital of St. John at Clerkenwell, of which the obnoxious Lord Treasurer was the Master. So vast was its extent that the ruins were still burning at the end of seven days.

Encouraged by reinforcements from Barnet, St. Alban's, and the surrounding districts, the insurgents now felt themselves sufficiently powerful to deal with London as with a conquered city. The mob had become unmanageable from its bulk, which was still on the increase, and the latter volunteers as they arrived, failing to push their way to the front of the crowd, thought themselves defrauded of their fair share in the pillage and amusement. Accordingly the entire body split up into three sub-divisions, of which one continued its march towards the Tower. It was known that the King had fled thither as to a place of refuge, and that he had been followed by many members of the royal household. It was taken for granted that the Archbishop of Canterbury would be there, the Treasurer also, and probably those other obnoxious councillors upon whom the mob was anxious to avenge itself for the advice which they had given to their young Sovereign. To save time and trouble to all concerned, they sent a message to the King, asking him to hand over to them these evil advisers, with whom they meant to deal according to their deserts, and they warned him that if he failed to do so, it would be so much the worse for himself.

Matters had now reached a crisis. London was in the hands of an armed insurrection and the life of the Sovereign was in danger. So far, however, he was safe. He was safe behind the strong walls of the Tower, he was amply provided with munitions of war and victuals, and he had but to close the gates and raise the drawbridges and await in patience the dispersion of this

insolent rabble. If he were pleased to punish them upon the spot he had it in his power to do so. Six hundred archers and as many men at arms formed the garrison which he had under his command, a body of troops more than sufficient to have made the mob fly before them like the dust before the wind in October. But the King was terror-stricken, the twelve hundred soldiers were twelve hundred cowards. Not a bow was bent, not a sword was drawn, but the gates were thrown open, and a message was sent to the besiegers inviting them to enter and make the search for themselves. The mob was not long in realising the extent of the bloodless victory which they had gained thus unexpectedly ; they rushed across the moat and took possession of the fortress, and the Sovereign and the Metropolitan of England were in the hands of the drunken and brutal insurgents.

At first the mob seems to have been surprised and delighted at the novelty of the position in which they found themselves. They wandered up and down the vast buildings which lay within the circuit of its walls, gazing at first on all they saw with the besotted wonderment of their kind ; and next gratifying their awakened curiosity and ingrained insolence. Pushing each other along from room to room they at last reached, but did not respect, the privacy of the royal apartments, and made themselves familiar with the bedroom of both the King and Queen. They treated the nobles, even the highest among them, with the most terrific familiarity, whose beards they stroked with their filthy hands, and whom they greeted in terms of jocular endearment. They made themselves quite at home, and did not stand upon any ceremony. One sat himself down on a costly chair of state, another took his ease on the King's bed, and a third requested the favour of a salute from the lips of the Queen Mother. They went in and out, up stairs and down stairs, just as they pleased ; and no one dared to utter a word of protest or to raise a hand against this new dynasty of Kentish sovereigns.

So far the Archbishop had remained undiscovered, but now his hour was at hand. He conducted himself with the dignity and carriage worthy of a successor of the great St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose murder, to a certain extent, resembled his own. Having said his Mass, he was at this time making his thanksgiving in the chapel within the Tower. As the yells of the mob drew nearer and nearer, he nerved himself for the final effort, for

which he was not unprovided. Conscious that he had fallen under the ban of the mob, he had busied himself during the last few days in preparing to make a good death. He had spent a large portion of the previous night in confession and prayer; "consequently (says Walsingham) he awaited the arrival of the insurgents in great security." He was seized by the men who had been sent in search of him, and by them he was dragged from the chapel to Tower Hill, where the larger body of the rioters was awaiting his arrival. The shout with which he was greeted when he appeared was "totally unlike the sounds which are uttered by a human being, and can be compared only to the yells of the inhabitants of the infernal regions." These hideous sounds seem to have made a deep impression on the monk of St. Alban's, or his informer, who refers to them more than once, and always with a shudder. He compares them to what might be supposed to proceed from the throat of one of Satan's favourite peacocks.⁷

The Archbishop, who appears to have shown no lack of courage, attempted to expostulate with his captors. He reminded them that murder was a heinous sin; that he was a priest and an archbishop, and that his death at their hands would compel the Pope to lay England under an interdict. His warnings amused the men of Kent, and after having heard his sentiments they expressed their own. He was a sinner, and, therefore, could be no true priest; and what cared they for Pope or interdict? He prepared for the death which he saw to be inevitable, but before he knelt down to bare his neck to the axe, he forgave the wretch who wielded it. The blow fell, but it was clumsily delivered, and it had to be repeated again and again, for it was not until the eighth stroke that the head of Simon Sudbury rolled to the ground. It was exposed to many indignities, and the mutilated corpse lay where it fell, no one having the courage to remove it. In the course of the night one of the insurgents crept back to the blood-stained spot, and stole the ring from the finger of the murdered prelate.

So far from being appeased by this costly sacrifice, the frenzy of the populace was excited by it to the commission of yet greater atrocities. Sir Robert Hales, the second name on the condemned list, was next put to death; he had been a doomed man from the beginning of the outbreak, having been one of those who has dissuaded the King from yielding to the demands

⁷ Walsingham, *Hist. Angl.* i. p. 460.

of the insurgents. Several others shared the same fate for the same cause; but as the day advanced many persons were put to death for no cause whatever. Murder became an amusement, and the people, in simple gaiety of heart, flocked to see a man beheaded as if it were a pleasant pastime. The mob acted with its usual caprice; it pounced upon a man here and a man there without assigning any definite reason why he was taken, and then he was hurried off to execution. No respect was paid to sacred buildings; churches and other holy places were defiled with innocent blood. The terrified inhabitants who had fled thither, as into a sanctuary, found that the presence of the altar itself afforded them no protection. An eyewitness assured Walsingham that he had seen thirteen Flemings dragged out of the church of the Augustinians and executed in the public street, and seventeen from another. Similar atrocities were committed throughout London and its neighbourhood.

Terrified into submission by the slaughter of the Archbishop and the Treasurer, the King and the royal party attempted to parley with their conquerors. They sent a message to the leaders of the mob, by which they pledged themselves to grant all that had already been demanded, upon condition that a stop should be put to this wanton destruction of property and human life, and that the insurgents should at once return to their homes. The offer was accepted by the men of Essex. They had worn themselves out with their exertions. Murder had ceased to be a novelty, and to witness the burning of a street or two no longer afforded its former amount of pleasurable excitement. Leaving behind them a few of their number to watch over their interests, the larger portion of the troop marched out of London; and the undisputed possession of the city now remained in the hands of the men of Kent.

The Kentish men were more difficult to deal with than the men of Essex had been. Naturally they were quicker witted, and they were under a certain amount of discipline, the advantage of which soon showed itself. Their leader was a man whom they called Wat the Tyler, from his trade, "a sharp fellow," says Walsingham, and his conduct showed that he deserved the epithet. When he had received the King's message he sent back for reply the assurance that he, too, was anxious for peace; but that before he would

agree to accept it, he would like to know something more about the nature of terms upon which it was offered. Thus it became necessary that the terms should be discussed, and the consequence was that some delay was occasioned. This was exactly what was intended. Finding that, in consequence of the departure of his supporters from Essex, his own followers were out-numbered by the party of order, Wat had resolved to circumvent his antagonists by treachery. He attempted to prolong the negotiations until the following morning; proposing during the night to plunder the city and to set it on fire at four distinct points. During the confusion he would slaughter the King and his council, together with all those who refused to side with the insurrection.

An accident alone prevented this plan from being executed. Acting upon this system of delay Wat rejected one after the other, as insufficient, the offers made by the King. Constant in his hatred of the law he demanded that it should cease to exist, and that a new code should be introduced, more in accordance with the wishes and welfare of the people. But as this new law could not be introduced until the old had been swept away, and all connected with it, the men of Kent demanded the removal by beheading, of all the judges, lawyers, magistrates, and other legal functionaries; in short, of every individual who was in any way connected with those hateful agents under whose jurisdiction the people had so long been held in bondage.

The remainder of the story is well known, and as it has found its place in the general history of England, there is no need to reproduce it here. We all have heard of the insolence of the Kentish Tyler, of the loyalty of the citizens of London, of the decision and firmness of William of Walworth, and of the courage and presence of mind of the young sovereign. On the death of the leader, the insurrection came to a sudden end, and the panic-stricken insurgents hurried through Southwark on their way homewards. And here we may bid adieu to London and its inhabitants, in order to follow the narrative of our principal authority, Thomas of Walsingham, who tells us what happened at St. Alban's, of which monastery he was an inmate. But this must be done with all possible brevity.

When the mob from Kent and Essex had taken possession of London, and its success was no longer a question, the report of its brave doings soon reached St. Alban's, and naturally excited no little commotion among the retainers and tenants of

that wealthy community. Many of them were well affected towards their old masters, perhaps the most of them were, but certainly not all. There was a party among them who thought that the time had arrived for a more equitable distribution of the good things of this life; and anxious to profit by the advent of the golden age they hurried off to London to take counsel with the great reformer, Wat Tyler. On their arrival they held a preliminary meeting in the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, where they discussed their demands and reduced them to something like an official form. These demands were less exorbitant than might have been expected. The men of St. Alban's said they wanted to have a wider area of common for the depasturing of their cattle; they wanted to have the unrestrained right of fishing, hunting, and hawking over a wider range of country; they wanted to be allowed the privilege of grinding their corn without paying the ordinary multure for the handmill; besides freedom from various other feudal services, to which they seemed to have attached an exaggerated importance. Upon these points they were now anxious to consult the Kentish general; and then, having obtained his approval, they would lay their demands before the abbot of St. Alban's. They thought he would submit to follow their advice, and they hoped that he would do so, for if he were recalcitrant they would consider it their duty to slaughter him and the monks; and as for the monastery they would not leave one stone standing upon another. To support their claims and ensure success they determined to ask for the loan of a few hundred of Wat's followers, so that the work of destruction, if it became necessary, might be done out of hand in a business-like manner.

When these petitioners laid their case before Wat, their advocate was a certain William Grindcobbe. He was well known at St. Alban's, having being fed and educated within the monastery, to some of the monks of which he was related. Grindcobbe's application was supported by several others of the party, each of whom tendered his own separate bill of complaint against the monks. Wat was moved with compassion at the tale of their wrongs and promised to avenge them. He vowed that, if necessary, he would most assuredly shave the beards of the abbot and his brethren; yea, if twenty thousand men were needed for the operation they should be ready when Grindcobbe called for them. In return, the grateful deputation promised faithfully to carry out Wat's orders, whatever they

might be ; and mutually satisfied with each other, the two parties separated on this understanding. The St. Alban's men returned home leisurely and in good spirits ; but their arrival had been anticipated by a few mounted servants from the monastery, whom the Abbot had sent to London to watch the proceedings of his rebellious subjects.

The monks were in an agony of terror. The Father Prior, four of the professed monks and several inmates of the house left it at once, and made off with all speed, and on foot, to their cell at Tynemouth, at the extreme end of England. The others stood their ground, and if they did not act with courage certainly acted with prudence. They listened, questioned and took time to consider ; they even promised that they were ready to make important concessions. While the exact nature of these demands was under consideration news came that the Tyler was killed, that his followers had dispersed, and that the insurrection had come to an end. When the law was restored the convent, as always was its wont, was generous and forbearing. It did not avenge itself upon its penitent retainers ; but it could not be expected to forget the lesson which it had been asked to learn from the disciples of John Wyclif. Nor did they on their side forget what their master had taught them. For the present they had failed, but they would wait, and they hoped that when they tried again they would be more successful.

The insurrection now spread from Essex into Suffolk, where it was headed by a priest of the name of John Wrawe, (or Strawe) who had learned his lesson from Wat the Tyler. He is said to have had a following of fifty thousand men, a number which exceeds the limits of probability. It was large enough, however, to do an immensity of mischief. The rioters, as usual, vented their fury, in the first place, upon the lawyers, of whom they beheaded Sir John Cavendish, Lord Chief Justice of England. The Prior of Bury St. Edmund's was another of their victims, whose offence lay in having resisted some unjust claims advanced by the servants of the monastery. His headless trunk, after having been stripped to the shirt, was permitted to remain unburied for five days ; no one daring to render it that last act of humanity. Various acts of brutality and violence were perpetrated, the details of which need not be enumerated.

Similar atrocities were committed in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk. In this latter county the triumphant mob encountered an unexpected reverse. Henry Spencer, the bishop of the

diocese, supported by the gentry of the neighbourhood, marched at their head to North Walsham, where the rebels were encamped, and then attacked them with such violence that they broke their lines and fled. Several of the leaders were captured and executed.⁸

When tranquillity was somewhat restored, the law found itself strong enough to punish the ringleaders of the insurrection, from the confessions of some of whom an insight may be gained into their ultimate designs. Soon after Wat Tyler's death Jack Straw, the second in command among the rioters, was seized, tried, and condemned for treason. The Mayor of London, in order to draw him to make a confession, promised that if he would discover the particulars of the plot, many Masses should be said for his soul, and several of the citizens undertook to be equally charitable. In presence of the death which was so near at hand, the old faith returned to the repentant Lollard, and he made the following statement :

"It is no good," said he, "to tell any more lies, to do so would only add to my condemnation, so I will speak out and tell the whole truth. And what I have to say is this. When we sent for the King to come to us at Blackheath, our intention was to have killed all the guards and nobles who came with him. Having thus made ourselves masters of his person, we would have led him about with us from place to place throughout the entire realm, and forced him to sanction all that we had done in our conspiracy. Having thus secured the confidence of the whole peasantry, our next step would have been to destroy the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, the monks, canons, and rectors of parishes, sparing only the Begging Friars, who would have been enough for the celebration of Divine Service. The King's turn would then have come next. Having thus cleared the way, we should have made a new code of laws and set up a King in every county, Wat Tyler in Kent. We killed the Archbishop of Canterbury, because he thwarted our design. On the evening of the day on which Wat was slain we intended having set London on fire at its four corners, and plundered it at our convenience. This was our plan, as God help me at the hour of my death."

⁸ The History of Walsingham contains a detailed account of these risings, to which a passing notice only could here be made. See ii. 1—8. The troubles at Cambridge are narrated at great length in the Rolls of Parliament, iii. 106, to which the reader is referred for additional information.

Justice lingered in its pursuit of the Lollard Priest, John Ball, in whom originated the whole mischief. He was taken at Coventry, and having been removed to St. Alban's, was there tried before Sir Robert Tresilian and executed on the 15th of July. After his condemnation he made a confession of his crimes, which seem to have been numerous and grievous in the extreme. He had long preached the doctrines of Wyclif⁹ and continued to do so after the sentence of excommunication had been pronounced against him by lawful authority. As I have already mentioned, it was the intention of his admiring followers to have made him Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord High Chancellor of England.

The extent and general character of the rising receives some valuable illustration from a list of those persons who were excepted from the general pardon which was afterwards granted by the King, and whose names were laid before the Parliament which met in the month of November following the outbreak. They were residents in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Essex, Hertford, Middlesex, Hampshire, Kent, Sussex and Somerset, besides the cities of London, Winchester and Canterbury. We thus learn the extent of the rising. The rebels are frequently described by their trade or occupation, such as potter, cordwainer, cook, carter, skinner, labourer, gardener, tailor, brewer, shepherd, boatman, carpenter, winedrawer and hosier. In Norfolk, seventeen persons are excepted from the general pardon, and in Suffolk as many as twenty, among whom were three parish priests. Cambridge gives three insurgents only, and Essex eleven, one of whom is a "buckler player." Middlesex, exclusive of the City of London, furnishes only twenty, and Kent as many, while eight are recorded under Sussex, and thirteen in Somerset, one of whom is returned as following the doubtful occupation of a "sothsiggere" (soothsayer). By far the largest number is furnished by London, amounting to no less than a hundred and fifty, among whom we have a dyer named "Great Richard," and a sawyer called "Laurence with the great leg." Taverners, tailors, and tinkers are most frequent in the City of London, while the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex share among them the evil notoriety of supplying the largest number of clergy who took part in this lamentable outbreak.

From what has been already stated it is impossible to avoid

⁹ Walsingham, II, 32.

arriving at the conclusion that the insurrection of the Commons in the reign of Richard the Second was in its origin and in its objects the natural result of the teaching of John Wyclif. It was based upon the principles which he taught, it was planned and executed by his followers, and it aimed at the furtherance and advancement of the ends which he desired to promulgate. If he contrived to stand aloof from any participation in its dangers, we may admire his discretion, but we cannot praise his courage or his honesty, still less can we exonerate him from the responsibility which he has incurred. Here for the present we leave him and his followers. He passed to his account, of him we have nothing more to say, while they who remained behind him pursued their designs with greater prudence but with no less resolution. We have seen what they were capable of doing. What they taught shall form the subject of a future enquiry.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

1794: *A Tale of the Terror.*

CHAPTER III.

UNDER THE BALCONY.

THE last words of Lieutenant Crassus had added to the mental commotion of the Commandant.

He took his way along the Rue da Bac, thinking of La Bussière, of Lise and Emilie, of the mystery that hung about the proceedings of the young man, of the danger in which Lise might be involved, and of the absurd misunderstanding which had led the good-natured, feather-headed grenadier-gendarme to regard Commandant La Raison as the future husband of a young girl of whom he had never even thought.

So absorbed was he in these reflections that he lost his way, and at daybreak, when, after sundry windings, he found himself at the main thoroughfare, formerly called La Croix Rouge, but now Le Bonnet Rouge.

"Here, you fellow! You aristocrat in a cloak! Come this way, unless you want a taste of my pike. Your certificate of civism must be the correct card indeed to excuse your insolent dandy dress. Come along over here! Do you attempt to brave me and the commissaire yonder?"

The Commandant turned about. The house forming the corner of the square between the Rue de Sèvres and the Rue Cherche Midi was occupied by the *corps-de-garde* and the Revolutionary Committee of the Section. It was the sentinel, posted in the doorway, who had thus roughly accosted him, pointing, as he did so, to a man of vulgar and harsh countenance, who was leaning carelessly against the wall, and smoking a big pipe.

"A certificate of civism to excuse my cloak!" replied La Raison, calmly. "But I do not mean to insult the poverty of my fellows. To my mind, purity of civism, love of liberty, and respect for the sacred Mountain, are better than heaps of gold-

laced garments. I wear a cloak because I have just returned from a long journey, and I am ill."

"We know the fine phrases of the aristocrats," said the commissaire, starting up from his careless attitude. "I will bet this is a trap for us, and that you have not got a scrap of a card."

"You are perfectly right, citizen, I have not."

"Ha, ha! I thought I had caught a prize! I bet you're one of the accomplices of the infamous Cecile Renard, who was punished by the national justice yesterday. Ha, you scoundrel, your business will soon be done."

"I am a Commandant of volunteers in the Army of the North. Here is my *cong  *, in due form."

"To the devil with all *cong  s*, volunteers, and Commandants!" shouted the commissaire in a fury. "Be off with you, but I will catch you again, vile scum of militarism! Before a month is over, the soldier-caste shall hear news of us to their cost. The virtuous Maximilian impressed upon us, from the tribune of the Jacobins, that we should beware of the military lot, for ambitious generals are the worst and fiercest enemies of democracy. Be off, with your *cong  * in form! Very soon every one above the rank of captain shall be guillotined, and the oldest captains shall take it in turn to command the army. Those are our principles, and mind, I tell you so; I, Balli  re, President of the Revolutionary Committee of the Bonnet Rouge. You can tell it, at second hand, to your Pichegru. So much for him and for all pr  torians."

La Raison looked at this man with genuine astonishment; and then walked away, sincerely convinced that he had been addressed by a madman or a drunkard. He quickly reached the top of the Rue des Brodeurs, in which was the Hospital for Incurables, and then, after looking about him, he advanced towards a large house, much dilapidated, and apparently uninhabited, which formed the corner of the Rue de S  vres and the Rue de la Barouilli  re. He plied the heavy knocker vigorously against the worm-eaten door, but there was no reply to his summons.

"Old Madelon does not hear so quickly as she did at fifteen; she has got tired of waiting for me, and fallen asleep. Good old woman, I will not awaken her."

He once more looked about him, and perceived some old disused open-air stalls or booths, which had been left to decay

under the wall of the hospital. Making choice of the least ruinous he entered it, and seated himself in a corner, wrapping his cloak round him. There he sat patiently, fixing his blue eyes, ordinarily so calm, with an expression of intense anxiety upon the house which adjoined that at whose door he had vainly knocked.

The house in question presented only a gable end to the Rue de Sèvres, and in that gable there was but one window, on the second storey, opening on the street, or rather, on a small balcony with a rusty railing of wrought iron.

It was evident that the front of this house faced the garden, which was hidden by a high wall in the Rue de Sèvres, and turning into the Rue St. Romain, where the entrance was. The wall was in a half-ruinous state, and had evidently not been repaired for years; the plaster had fallen off in great patches, and grasses and weeds were sprouting from the breaches in its battered coping. It was, however, only a mask which hid great beauty, for behind its unsightly front rose old elms clad in thickest foliage, and chestnut trees with great fan-like leaves, while the bending branches of the laburnum spread their peaceful shelter over the broken crest and the ugly holes of the wall. So close were those trees, that they combined to form a natural screen, which hid the garden and front of the house from the eyes of the inquisitive among the democracy, while the voluntary dilapidation of the enclosure had at least a chance of disarming the jealousy of the envious.

"That is exactly the house as it was described to me," said the Commandant to himself; "besides, it is the only one near our own. There dwells Lise! But how can the daughter of the "virtuous" Dubois, the purest of all *sans-culottes*, the most patriotic of magistrates, one of the fathers of the holy Revolution, the friend of the great Citizen Robespierre and of all the Montagnards? That La Bussière has the name of being such an adept at mystification! And yet, since Lise, who is so sweet and charming, loves him and is going to marry him, there must be something more in him than the jollity, the daring, and the pleasant *sang froid* for which he is famous.

His eyes closed, but he soon opened them.

"Holloa! citizen," exclaimed a laughing voice, "if you would wake up to do me a service, I promise to rock you to sleep again."

He recognized La Bussière standing underneath the little

balcony, with a rose bush in a pot by his side, rose and approached him quickly. A vivid though transient flush of red suffused the face of La Bussière, who, on perceiving La Raison asleep under Lise's window, remembered suddenly and confusedly, that after her return from Landrecies, the latter had frequently talked with evident pleasure of Commandant La Raison.

"Hum!" said he, drily, "So it is you, is it, under the balcony, at daybreak? Now if you only had a guitar! But, what a fool I am! The idea of my taking you for a serenader. Pray forgive me," he continued, cordially saluting the Commandant, and dismissing the passing suspicion with his characteristic kindness, "and tell me what really does bring you here? Stay, though, it is no business of mine, and you need not tell me unless you like. But I will tell you that behind those bars sings the pretty Little Nightingale. This is her birthday. Lise is eighteen this morning. You may suppose the day is an important one for me. I was particularly anxious to put this pot of flowers on the balcony, so that she might be reminded of me the first thing on waking."

"A very natural wish on the part of her betrothed," said La Raison, coldly.

La Bussière had already begun to climb along the broken wall, but he now jumped down.

"No," he said, "it shall not be said that I am a conceited boaster. A fool, if you like, and a jester; I don't mind that, but I have never let it be said in earnest that I am engaged to my cousin Lise Dubois Joli. Ever since her birth it has been understood between our two families that she should be my wife. Between ourselves the matter has never been anything but a joke, but it has been arranged all along that on her eighteenth birthday she was to pronounce for or against this arrangement."

With this he resumed his climbing, and when he was on a level with the balcony, he took hold of the railing with one hand, and stretched out the other, pointing to the ground.

"Now, then, Commandant," said he, "hand me up that pot. Thanks. That is the service I asked you for. Shall I rock you?" he asked, laughingly, as he sprang down from the wall.

The eyes of La Raison were fixed upon him so earnestly that the young man could not refrain from smiling as he said:

"It is true that you have already rendered me two important

services: the first by helping me to offer a birthday bouquet to my Chloris; the second—less interesting, but not to be despised—by saving my life! And to think that we had hardly seen one another, so that, supposing the country, speaking by the voice of the sapient Fouquier-Tinville, were to demand your head and mine to-morrow, we should hardly recognise each other in Charon's boat."

There was a striking contrast between the two young men as they stood side by side. They were about the same age—twenty-four years—but La Raison looked much older in consequence of the gravity of his expression and general bearing. La Bussière, who was very tall and slight, had something so easy and so graceful about his figure and his gestures that he presented a perfect picture of youth and elegance. His curly brown hair, his round face, his ruddy cheeks, his rather thick red lips, revealing strong white teeth, his high forehead, and large prominent eyes, might perhaps have given him merely the physiognomy of a careless and jolly *bon vivant*, had it not been that a great variety of shades of feeling and meaning passed constantly over his speaking face. La Bussière was a finished product of the eighteenth century, or rather, the end of the old régime; he was one of the types developed by the fever of '88, and which were rendered ridiculous for ever by the Terror, which revealed the folly of their enthusiasm. His was one of those intelligent and generous natures that were hit doubly hard by the philosophy of the century. The philosophy of Voltaire and the encyclopædists had thrown instincts, previously under the discipline of Christianity, into disorder; the philosophy of Rousseau had steeped the minds that were thus deprived of the ancient education in sentimentalism; the philosophy of the economists had placed its problems before these intelligences, henceforth unbalanced and without support. Thus was formed that generation of '89, who set out in quest of an ideal, carried away by impossible dreams, and marching, heads up, and bold in their ignorance, to imaginary conquests, while a hideous gulf yawned before their feet.

The greater number of these amiable but dangerous dreamers had been either exterminated or put down by the Jacobins, their direct heirs. The army, with its glorious motives and victories, still retained some of its early fanaticism. In the case of La Raison that fanaticism was intact. He had fed its flame by the reflections habitual to a life which was

materially active but intellectually solitary; and he, with his prolific brain, his grave disposition, and his tender heart, was a born enthusiast.

"Now," resumed La Bussière, after their mutual examination had lasted for a few moments, "I restore to you your pass from the Comité de Sûreté Générale. It is so vague, and for that very reason so powerful, that I could not think of retaining possession of it for a single day. There is no saying what I might not stir the sober citizens up to doing "by order of the Government of the Republic." What do you think I have done since I left you? By the aid of this talisman I have sent off all the patrols whom I met, on the most absurd errands, and I have persuaded the Revolutionary Committee of the Bonnet Rouge, to which I paid a brief visit, and where I found the two permanent commissaires, that I was taking those flowers to the citizeness Lise Dubois Joli from the Comité de Sûreté, one of whose members, I said mysteriously, has a son who is in love with the fair citizeness."

La Raison made a sudden movement, which caused La Bussière to pause and say:

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, no; but I could not help being surprised. Are you not afraid that all this may come to the ears of the great Comité, and that you and I may be seriously suspected of wishing to make little of the national representation. I acknowledge that it would be just."

La Bussière looked curiously at him. "You have never been in Paris before?" he asked.

"Never. I was—never mind where—I enlisted at the end of 1789; foreseeing that this glorious movement, by making us the natural enemies of all tyrants and the natural allies of all oppressed peoples, must necessarily bring about a foreign war. Since then I have always been in camp and with the troops, while blessing the great city for the heroic efforts that it was making for liberty, and promising myself as a reward that I would one day visit the august places which have been endowed with fame by our patriots."

"Indeed! Well, then, Commandant, when you shall have been in this heroic city for a few days you will understand that there is not one Parisian in a thousand who, on beholding the zeal of either of the two great Comités, would venture, not to say upon quizzing or discussing it, but even on understanding or

reflecting upon it. Add, by an effort of your imagination, the power of the Pope and the Inquisition, to that of the Grand Turk and the Czar of Russia, and you will be able to form some slight idea of the power of these *Comités*."

"How great must the Republic be, to have thus laid hold of so proud a people! There never lived a King who could have so bent them to his authority!"

"Oh, certainly not. But I must say good-bye, Commandant. Pray keep up your enthusiasm, it may protect you. But promise me two things; the first is that you will not tell any living soul, and especially Citizen Bois Joli or his daughter, or any of their friends, what has taken place in your presence to-night. Keep this pass carefully—I am now asking for the second thing—and if ever you learn that Fouquier-Tinville has invited me to one of his balls, come to see me. You are brave, honest, and good. I will leave you the inheritance of my affairs."

With a smile that was not devoid of sadness, he pointed to the dwelling of Lise.

"I promise," answered La Raison, with stern simplicity. "But I will not say adieu, only *au revoir*; for I have a letter for the citizen magistrate from the citizeness, his sister."

"Very well. Come this morning at about ten o'clock. You will find me there, and by that time I shall know my fate. As, however, I don't want to look as if I had just been dug up out of the cemetery of the Madeleine, I must have a few hour's sleep. I have got a day's leave from my chief; he is such an amiable man. Ha, ha! so are you an amiable man! Now I'm going to tell you, the very first, a capital joke which I have made. You must know my cousin Lise and her friend Emilie Crassus have a friend—you must have heard her talked of, for she is a power—Eléonore, the daughter of Duplay, the cabinet maker, and the future—hum!—well, the 'future' of the great Citizen Robespierre. I have invented a nickname for her: Cornelia Copeau.¹ Is it not clever! Just think. Could anything convey more clearly the democratic solemnity of this cabinet-making empress?"

He ran off laughing, leaving La Raison to something like bewilderment.

¹ *Copeau* means a shaving of wood.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LITTLE NIGHTINGALE.

IT was a few hours later in the day when a pretty little brown hand drew back the curtain of the window that gave upon the balcony. Then the window was opened, the plump little hand again appeared, and the rose tree vanished from sight. A quarter of an hour afterwards the balmy tuft of roses was exhaling its perfume over the garden, as a young girl, whose pretty face was half hidden in the blossoms, carried it to the far end of the flowery enclosure, and placed it at the foot of a statue of the Republic which stood in a niche. Having paid this homage to the revered image, she turned round to smile at a fat yellow wrinkled face, with the chin dabbled all over with soap, which was nodding at her from the first floor of the house. A large fat hand waved a kiss from the soapy lips to the young girl, and the virtuous Dubois, for he it was, closed the window which he had set open that he might admire his pretty Lisette.

The house was a very plain and simple dwelling, consisting of only one storey, and it derived all its charm from the leafy and flowery garden that shut it in on two sides. Of the other two, one, the left gable, looked, as we have said, into the Rue de Sèvres, and the other, formed by the back wall, adjoined the house at whose door La Raison had knocked in vain. The gable on the right was covered on the eastern end by a wide-spreading climbing vine. The house-front looked into the garden through a single door, two large windows placed on either side of the chief entrance, three windows above, and two dormer windows in the roof, which was covered with greenish tiles. The entrance to the house was guarded and graced by statues, standing on pedestals of painted wood, of Marat and Le Pelletier—the two great saints of the new calendar—for the citizen magistrate hoped those two heroes, in concert with his own virtue, his sensibility, and certain other precautions with which we shall presently become acquainted, would protect his white walls and his green shutters from the accusation of aristocratic proclivities.

Several chestnuts of great age, a gigantic cherry tree, some tall bushes of lilac, lent shade and coolness to the little sanded walks, the borders of box, the climbing verbena and ground

plants which grew in profusion about the stems of the rose trees, and among the purple geraniums and azure irises. A few late blossoms of syringa mingled their keen scent with the penetrating perfume of the pinks. The glad summer sunshine drank up the dewdrops adorned by itself with reflections of all those flowers, and while it was awakening the insects slumbering under the still humid leaves, and setting them to their day's work of humming, the talking and singing birds flew from tree to tree, in an ecstasy of chatter. They defied Le Pelletier, and criticized Marat's nose, as they perched upon a little wall which divided the garden from that of the adjoining house, and they mocked the civic captivity of the turtle-doves that were imprisoned in the vicinity of the statue of the Republic.

Amid this peaceful and poetic scene Lise flitted about, mingling her own song with all these delightful sounds, smiling on the flowers as she watered them, scolding the pert sparrow who came to tease the turtle-doves, raising the trailing rose sprays, and pitying the half-blown bud which the night breeze had broken.

Lise was dressed with the stern simplicity that the love of equality dictated to zealous citizenesses, and which the guillotine imposed on others. Both classes occasionally preferred elegance to principles, or to personal safety, but Lise cared more for gaiety, fêtes, movement, and for fine clothes. Although she openly proclaimed herself very coquettish, the virtuous Dubois found it easy to make it evident to her quick intelligence, that a magistrate and all belonging to him were bound to set the example of all the virtues, and especially of those which were just then in vogue under the name of *sans-culottism*. Lise was attired in a straight-cut gown made of a thin white material called *basin*, which came down to her heels and was confined at her waist by a deep red ribbon. A large handkerchief or fichu of fine lawn of the shape called *menteurs*, was crossed over her neck, and tied in a full bow at her back. Her thick brown hair was tied on the top of her head by a ribbon of the same colour as her sash, and fell from thence in shining curls upon her shoulders. She never departed from the utmost simplicity of attire. On great occasions, such as the fête of the Supreme Being, when there was a dance at the Porcherons or at the Près-Saint-Gervais, or a solemn civic performance took place at the National Opera or at the theatre in the Rue Feydean, the *basin* gown would be replaced by one

of muslin, which was beginning to be commonly worn; and Lise would put a cap *à la baigneuse* on her curly head, and a wider ribbon round her waist, while white satin shoes would reveal silk stockings. But such grandeur as this was quite exceptional.

Simplicity was the chief characteristic of her appearance, and there was nothing in her features to attract attention at a first glance. Her face was round, her complexion was fresh, but not brilliant, her eyes were brown, and she had a nice little nose; everybody who noticed her at all would admit that she was a pretty girl. But no one would be likely to guess that before his eyes was the "*Grace*" of the *Rue de Sèvres*. Nevertheless, such was the appellation bestowed at that rhetoric-loving time upon the Citizeness Lise; and, not only in the Section of the Bonnet Rouge, but in the neighbouring sections, those of La Fontaine de Grenoble, Mucius Scaevola, the Observatoire and Marat, when any one wished to cite an *enchanteing object*, the daughter of the virtuous Dubois was named immediately.

It was easy to feel the charm which this young girl possessed, though not easy to analyze it; the secret of it lay in her candour, her innocence, her enthusiasm, and her frank and ready desire to please. The sunshine of a pure and loving heart, happy to live, happy to laugh, happy in loving, trusting, and believing, confident in everything, and ready for any act of self-devotion.

The sun was shining in the cloudless sky, and its already burning rays sent Lise to the shelter of the old cherry tree, underneath which there was a bench of painted wood. But she went into the house first, and came out again carrying her knitting—a useful stocking—and three pamphlets, which she spread out upon the bench. These were the *Bulletin du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, containing the list of the fifty-four persons accused of the Foreign Conspiracy, who had been taken in red shirts to the scaffold on the previous day, and guillotined; the number of the *Journal des Débats* giving the speech of the virtuous Couthon, against the enemies of Robespierre, delivered at the Jacobin Club on the 26th Prairial; and *Les Dragons en Cantonnement*, a sequel to *Les Bénédictines enlevées*, by Citizen Pigault-Lebrun, which had been represented last Pluviôse at the Cité Theatre. She looked round her, before settling herself comfortably, to see that all was in order in the little garden;

then bounded away to smile afresh at the statue of the Republic, and add some new flowers to those which adorned its niche.

"Ah," said she, as she stooped to look at something at the foot of the wall, "it's no use my cutting down those lilies, they *will* spring up again! They are beautiful flowers, so sweet, and pure, and fresh; but my father says they are the symbol of the enemies of the country."

She threw the lilies she had torn up into a side walk, and returned to the bench, singing one of her nursery songs, with which she awoke the echoes in her garden every day, and to which she owed her pet name Rossignolet, or Little Nightingale.

Un jour de mai, de grand matin,
Je descendis dans mon jardin.
Gentil coquelicot, mesdames,
Gentil coquelicot nouveau.

Je descendis dans mon jardin,
Pour y cueillir du romarin.
Gentil coquelicot, mesdames,
Gentil coquelicot nouveau.

Je n'en pus point cueillir un bien;
Rossignolet vint sur ma main.
Gentil coquelicot, mesdames.
Il me dit, en son beau latin,
Que les hommes ne valent rien.
Gentil coquelicot nouveau.

The sun shed its rays upon the cherry tree, and between the leaves there fell thousands of little yellow specks upon the ground, like a rain of golden drops. Lise sprang up and danced in the midst of this shining shower. Then she burst out laughing at her own folly, and sang again:

Que les hommes ne valent rien,
Et les garçons encor moins bien.

She paused, and a male voice, of remarkable compass and surpassingly sweet, which came from the other side of the wall, that is to say, from the garden of the adjoining house, took up the strain:

Des dames il ne me dit rien,
Mais des demoiselles grand bien.
Gentil coquelicot, mesdames,
Gentil coquelicot nouveau.

Lise was of an impulsive disposition, and very prompt in action. She caught up a light ladder, placed it against the wall, and mounting it, craned her sunny head over the top of

the wall in an eager inspection of the neighbouring garden. It was disorderly, and evidently deserted, but thickly planted and overgrown with greenery. There was no one to be seen.

"Well done, Rossignolet," cried a merry voice behind her; "I always said you would take to perching on the branches at last. You have made a good beginning; but a ladder is not so picturesque as an oak."

She turned round, jumped off the ladder, and held out her hands to the speaker, Charles La Bussière.

"Cousin," said she, hurriedly, "look at me, quickly. Am I red? Yes—I thought so. Well, do you know why? It is because I have just been faithless to you?"

Charles looked at the girl, smiling, and yet with a strange alarm.

"Forgive me," he said, "I am the happiest of mortals, and yet I tremble. For, if you talk of being faithless to me you love me, and yet, if you are false to me, you love me no longer. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," said she, gravely shaking her head; "but you need not tremble, not yet must you be happy. For I know that I am to marry you, but I do not know whether I love you, and my faithlessness consisted in wanting to see a man who was singing in the next garden, where I have never seen anybody but a dumb, sullen old woman, of whom nothing is known except that she is protected by Dossonville, the chief agent of the Committees. Who the proprietor is, nobody knows. But the man's voice made such an impression on me as I have never felt on listening to you or any other person. For you know I am a great coquette; I delight in dancing and—"

"Yes, I know that your light heart is as innocent as a bird's, my Nightingale, and your soul as pure as a mountain-spring. But that impression."

"Don't be so melancholy, Charles. Why, you are not to be recognized with a gloomy face—you, the cheeriest of mortals! And so, sir, you climb up to my balcony, do you? Come and see what I have done with your rosebush. Could it be better placed than at the feet of the Republic, that saint who had replaced all the others? Is she not our patroness, our mother, protecting us against the wicked aristocrats who want to make slaves of us again, and the foreign tyrants who want to pollute the soil of our country? Ah, Charles, it seems to me at times that this statue glows with life, and thanks me for my offering

of flowers. Don't laugh at me, sir, but sit down here beside me, and let us talk. I know what you have come to ask me. I am eighteen years old to-day, and I have to make up my mind whether I will marry you or not."

The young girl's serene and steady gaze rested upon her cousin's face without a shadow of embarrassment. He was pleasant to behold, and his costume set off his tall active figure and his frank manly face, which was very attractive, notwithstanding its prevailing expression of raillery.

He no longer wore the shabby wide-skirted coat of the previous night; but was attired in the costume dear to the younger patriots, and which, without going to the lengths of the square "redingote," the polished shoes, and the variegated silk stockings of the "muscadins," or dandies of the period, was still farther from the mean and ignoble attire of the "pure" *sans-culottes*. He wore a light blue "carmagnole," a white waistcoat, knee-breeches striped with red, a white muslin cravat, and a cap, kepi-shape, of cloth to match the carmagnole, bordered with the same red as the stripes in his knee-breeches; and a very becoming costume this was.

As Lise considered him attentively, her gaze lost its fixity and became vague. She slowly shook her head.

"I don't seem to know myself," said she. "It seems to me that for the first time in my life I have just reflected. What would you have me say to you? I have never dreamt that I could be the wife of any but you."

"My Little Nightingale," said Charles, delightedly, as he kissed her small hand, "you do care for me then, and our marriage will have the blessed chance of love on both sides!"

She again looked steadily at him, this time with surprise, and again she shook her head.

"I never thought about it," said she, simply. "Pray listen to me," she added, as Charles jumped up from the bench. "What's the matter with you? If you don't want to sit beside me, go over there, and sit under the branches; you look as if you were all over gold spangles, a Harlequin *grand seigneur*. That's right; now be still and listen to me." Here she took up her knitting, and her needles twinkled in her busy fingers, "Your mother and my father were cousins-germane; they were much attached to each other, for my father was always very kind and good, and you know well how renowned he was for his beneficence, and his charity towards the poor accused persons when he was

registrar to the Parliament under the tyrant. Your mother and he settled, so soon as I was born, that their children should be united, and that I should be your wife. I was brought up with this idea, and never thought of anything else. I knew that you were brave, frank, and gay, and I said to myself, 'When I am married it will be just the same as it is now, I shall love Charles, as I love him at present. He will make me laugh all day long ; he will protect me if ever those traitors the aristocrats, the accomplices of the coalition of despots, should triumph over the wise and virtuous Montagnards. Instead of going with my dear father, with my cousin Emilie Crassus, and the Citizenesses Duplay to the fêtes, the theatres, the Hippodrome, the Porcherons, or to the galleries of the Jacobin Club and Convention—and I am always longing to go to these places—Charles will be my companion, and I shall get to them ever so much oftener.'"

"I see," said La Bussière, as she paused, and his laughing eyes were overcast with sadness, "you have never thought of loving me, or of love at all."

"But I do love you, my discontented cousin. When you were away soldiering for so long I thought of you, and said to myself, 'He will come back to lead me to the altar.' When I heard that you were paying attention to other girls, down in Picardy, and acting in plays with charming citizenesses here in Paris, I said, 'He is only making fun of them ;' I didn't mind. Love! I have heard it talked of, read about it in books, and there is always something about it on the stage ; but I never listened, and I never reflected upon it. Why should I ? my husband was chosen for me, it was no affair of mine. I did not mind it any more than I minded those phrases which my father quotes from the Latin authors, and which I don't understand."

"And," asked Charles, gloomily, "you never felt towards any one anything more than all that with which you favour me?"

A blush, so slight and passing that it might have been one of the bright gleams which filtered through the leaves, tinged the girl's face for an instant, but she answered with the same serenity and innocence :

"Yes, I did feel—Will you sit still then ? Some time ago, it seemed to me that I was growing dreamy and thoughtful. I was restless without knowing why ; I often thought of some one."

"Of whom ?" demanded La Bussière, eagerly.

"There you are again. I will not tell you any more if you don't sit still, just where that golden streak falls across your nose. I wanted to be prettier and more elegant; I wanted to be as much admired as my cousin Emilie Crassus. But it all passed away very quickly, and it is quite gone now. Here comes my dear father; and I shall always love you as I have done since my childhood. I shall always be a good cousin to you, and your wife over and above. But you must not say even one word more about it until next year, and you must promise to take me, to-morrow, *duodi*, two *Messidor*, to the Théâtre des Sans-Culottes, formerly called Molière's, to see *William Tell*.

"Ha! my children!" thus did the virtuous Dubois accost the young people; "I can recognize in your faces, which breathe the purest and most sublime frankness, that impulse of love, restrained by a sense of honour, the pious resignation of two souls, aspiring to the sacred bonds of Hymen, pious resignation, I say, to the august rights of a father. I have never been a tyrant. I authorize you, my nephew, to confide to my breast the chaste avowal of her innocent flame which my beloved daughter has made to you."

"I kiss your hands, uncle. She has confessed to me that she will always love me like a cousin, and that she will consent to bestow her hand on me next year."

"Supreme Being!" exclaimed the magistrate, lifting up his arms to Heaven; "O Thou, by Whom all things in this vast universe are reproduced, shed upon those youthful heads the torrent of Thy celestial favours. My desires are fulfilled. The son of the virtuous Jacqueline will become my son. I have always appreciated, O son of my venerable sister, the precious gifts with which beneficent Nature has endowed you. Notwithstanding your natural gaiety, and that somewhat wild vivacity which springs from the happy combination of an innocent heart and a brilliant imagination, I have always maintained that you are an ardent Republican, attached to the sacred Mountain, and ready to lay down your life for Equality. You are at present employed in the bureaux of the great Comité de Salut Public, which is saluted by every patriot as the ægis of our destinies. There you take a glorious part in securing the safety of the Revolution, for I have frequently heard the sagacious Saint-Just say that the victories are too much puffed, and the eminently feeling and beneficent citizen (who would not

recognize by those traits the virtuous Maximilian) has several times declared in my presence, at the house of his eminent friend (whom I also do myself the honour to call mine), the Citizen Duplay, that it is the internal situation rather than external successes which constitutes the welfare of States. Let us then sing

O hymenæe, hymen, hymen, O hymenæe,

with the poet who has revealed the profligacy of the fatal era of the Roman despots. Who would not recognize by this trait the profound Catullus! the enchanting singer of Lesbia's sparrow."

He kissed his daughter with imposing ceremony, and then stooped majestically to pick some leaves out of his wooden shoes. For this dignified person wore wooden shoes! He was indeed dressed in the most severe style of pure *sans-culottism*: red cap, carmagnole of course brown cloth worn over a shirt, with a loose cravat at the throat, no waistcoat, and trousers of rough grey woollen stuff reaching the ankles. All this was, however, scrupulously clean, and this cleanliness combined with *sans-culottism*, was a curious and characteristic mark of the individual.

CHAPTER V.

A PRINCESS OF THE YEAR II.

SEVERIN VICTOR DUBOIS, who had held under the old Parliament the office of *Greffier garde-sacs du Petit Criminel*,¹ and was now magistrate of the section of the Bonnet Rouge, was one of those free burghers of Paris whose qualities had, as largely as their defects, promoted the Revolution.

These free burghers were very honest, respectable, gullible people, at once cultivated and inept, narrowing everything, but sticking obstinately to their smallness of view; seeing in all the world only France, in France only Paris, in Paris only their own parish, company, Parliament, or bar. They were frantically attached to their traditions, and foolishly fond of novelty. They readily made themselves the echo of every sounding rumour by which their imagination was moved, and they took that echo for their own opinion. They were more vain than proud, more worthy than firm, adhering to prejudices until they

¹ There is no equivalent for this in English.

were replaced by new phases; self-sufficient, critical, captious, respectful to tyranny, and rebellious against kindly authority; they accepted the anarchical maxims and the fine-sounding philosophical phrases of all the schools of the eighteenth century, and the brilliant promises of the early days of the Revolution, as a revelation.

They threw themselves into the movement, lending it the impetus of their honesty, their gravity, their credulous enthusiasm, and their furious zeal for contradiction and opposition. Little did they think that the first office of that Revolution would be to destroy the privileges they valued most highly, to render those practices of methodical gravity and respect which were habitual to them, ridiculous, and to substitute persecution and anguish for that peaceful life which was to them of the first order of necessity.

Very few among these had escaped the guillotine or imprisonment. The greater number of the survivors had stopped short, in alarm, when the Terror came, but only to resume, after the imminence of the danger was overpast, the same stupid delusions, vain boastings, envy of all superiority, credulity in incredulity, in short the whole of the solemn nonsense which had enabled the Jacobins to secure their triumph.

There were some who had followed the movement. They remained educated persons, they appeared sincere; they believed themselves to be honest people; they retained their family virtues, the gravity of their private life, and general good feeling; yet were they devoted comrades, and frank accomplices of the mob of barbarously ignorant, hypocritical and ferocious *sans-culottes*, thieves, and debauchees, who governed France by deeds worthy of a slaughter-house, language worthy of the gutter, and formulas worthy of a madhouse.

They had reached this condition by a series of surrenders of conscience and intelligence, and by a process of degradation of which they were not conscious.

Citizen Dubois Joli was one of the latter class of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris. It is not to be denied that among the motives of his conduct there lurked a little more weakness and personal interest than he would have cared to avow; but, however extraordinary it may seem, it is a fact that this man, well educated, good, upright, was perfectly sincere in his demagogic principles, and remained with a clear and quiet conscience the agent of the Terror. Since the day on which he had wound up

his excellent course of classical study by an eager perusal of the works of Jean Jacques Rousseau, since the year 1787, in which he had, among the following of d'Espréménil, taken an active part in the war of Parliament against the royal authority, he had followed the Revolution step by step, finding an explanation for every fact, an excuse for every crime, a great result for every salient folly, and the promise of a noble future in every act of tyranny.

This rare type of bourgeois-terrorist, upright and sincere, was a tall stout man and carried the weight of his fifty years with vigorous ease. He was growing fat, and his cheeks hung down a little, but his black, well-opened eyes, his broad forehead and strong large nose were not wanting in dignity, which his thrown-back head and shoulders, and the stiffness of his deportment rendered pretentious and heavily solemn.

The virtuous Dubois, beholding Lise and Charles in the amicable attitude of an affianced pair, had bethought him that he could never find a better opportunity of performing the most solemn of actions, that which is dear to every feeling and philosophical mind, viz., the bestowal of the paternal benediction. He had already raised his hands and eyes to heaven, when he was arrested by a grave doubt. Ought he to invoke Nature, or the Supreme Being? Which of those two forms of adjuration was in truer conformity with the genius of Liberty, at the present hour? Ten days previously the Supreme Being had been brought into fashion by the wise Robespierre; but that Being had plenty of enemies still, especially in the Revolutionary Committee of the Bonnet Rouge, and Nature had for a long time held possession of the best received and least compromising acclamations of the crowd.

The question was not to be settled on the present occasion. The uplifted hands dropped, without having bestowed the paternal blessing. The outer door was opened, and a very handsome girl, followed by a negro in the dress of a grenadier of the Convention, came quickly along the garden path, and threw her arms round Lise.

This was the handsome Emilie Crassus, and the adjective in general use was well bestowed. She was tall, and she carried herself well, with a proud, bold, indeed disdainful turn of the head, while her figure, and especially her hands and feet, might have served as models for a sculptor. And yet there was something about her which repelled. Emilie Crassus struck the eye,

she did not touch the heart ; she commanded admiration, but she did not charm. She was imposing without grace, dazzling without attraction. Her face, a long oval in shape, with a straight nose, high temples, large black eyes, brilliant but fixed colour in the cheeks, and the stamp of an ardent will upon every feature, might well arouse enthusiasm in a poet, but would hardly please grave and reflective observers. And yet, perhaps, this first impression would hardly have been just. The girl had been utterly spoiled ; her bold and fanciful nature had developed itself unfettered, under the eye of a father whose weak indulgence had no limits, in the midst of the luxury of Creole life, and the adulation of domestic slaves. For all that, she had a generous mind and an affectionate heart. Her extreme affection for Lise proved that her disposition was good ; for though she knew that she herself was a far more striking and elegant personage than her friend, it was always Lise who was the most sought after, and Lise, without the least effort, and far from wishing to do anything of the kind, won, and kept the admirers who were in the first instance attracted by Emilie.

Vain as she was, jealous and exacting as was the nature of Emilie Crassus, and although the repeated experience of her friend's attractions must have had in it a certain bitterness, she had never ceased to seek her society, and never appeared to have entertained the slightest grudge against her.

And now she kissed Lise several times as she said :

"My darling Little Nightingale, how I love you ! I did not forget your birthday ; you will keep this in remembrance of me." She put a little box into Lise's hand and whispered in her ear : "Oh, I am so happy. It seems like a dream. I am going to marry the only man who has ever pleased me. I said nothing to you about it, but you know him. I am to see him to-day. It is wonderful, just like the romances ; I will tell you all about it."

She turned to the magistrate, whose gravity had redoubled at the aspect of this young relative whose petulance, giddiness, and mocking ways always disturbed the equanimity of his self-confidence.

"My cousin, I have not come on your account to-day, but entirely on that of my dear Nightingale. What, Lise, there you sit as still as a stone ! You have not even looked at my birthday present." Lise opened the box. It contained a gold locket with a portrait of Marat.

"I acknowledge," continued Emilie, "that if I had consulted my own taste I should have given you a ring or a necklace; but my cousin Dubois Joli always will have it that I am not a sufficiently sound Republican, and that I have not enough reverence for the Revolution."

"I thank you, Emilie," said the magistrate, with solemn pomposity. "This present fills me with the purest joy. The Romans, our masters in everything—and blessed be the Republic which allows us to talk to our young citizens of other things than dress—wore pictures of ancestors, as, in his eighth satire, the illustrious poet tells us whose satire revealed the view of the imperial despotism—by this trait who would not recognise Juvenal? *Quod possim titulis incidere*, says he. But enough. Now, is not the divine Marat one of the most venerable of all good Republicans?"

"So it seems, and so my dear father thinks. As for me, I would rather have him for an ancestor than any nearer relation. Would not you, cousin? He smelt vilely. Didn't he now?"

The virtuous Dubois raised his hand towards heaven, as he looked about him in a fright.

"But this is not the question. An interesting sitting, especially to me, is to take place at the Convention to-day. A young officer of the Army of the North is to present the colours taken from the enemy to the legislators. The bravest and handsomest has been chosen for this honourable task, and the good and amiable Robespierre has kindly given Eléonore Duplay two capital places for Lise and me. There is no difficulty about our going, is there cousin? The sitting begins at noon, and ends at four o'clock."

"No material obstacle, certainly, for I have abandoned the custom of the old *régime* of dining at noon. Like all good patriots devoted to the public weal, I have adopted the habit of dining at four o'clock, after the sitting of the Convention. But my passion for the Republic makes me afraid, Emilie, I will not conceal it from you, that your not very respectful gaiety may corrupt the domestic education that I have given my daughter." He paused on seeing Emily smile, and examined the details of her attire with stern attention. They were, it must be said, of a nature to shock an austere partizan of equality.

For the time, Emilie Crassus was very elegantly dressed. Her straight-cut gown of brown, bordered with yellow and green satin, and trimmed with dog tooth edging of these two alternate

colours; ribbons of the same adorned her cap à la baigneuse, and the two colours were again combined in her satin shoes. A light shawl with a showy border crossed her shoulders, but not so as to hide—terrible spectacle!—a gold chain. Long mittens, of chamois-leather covered her hands and arms to the elbow. The gold chain was not the only criminal indulgence which this daring young woman allowed herself; she wore heels to her shoes! How immoral! And besides, the cockade in her cap, instead of being made of woollen stuff, according to the orders of the Commune, was of silk!

"That is not the only reason," resumed the magistrate, with increased severity. "At this anxious and laborious time, when the country, assailed in every part by the aristocrats, wretches who are bound up with the foreign enemy, and of whom national justice is purging the soil of France far too slowly; at this time when every virtuous mind understands the necessity of postponing every luxury, every costly pleasure until the peace, how can you suppose, Emilie, that any good *sans-culotte*, whose soul is as pure as his garments are simple, can be otherwise than irritated by the style of your address. And, as the courage of the virtuous *sans-culotte* is as great as his sentiments are generous, how do you suppose that he is to resist the temptation to throw stones at a girl who is more like the wife of a *muscadin* than the child of an august legislator? Now, how can you, expect that I will allow the purity of my renown, and the life of my beloved Lise to be endangered by permitting her to be your constant companion?"

Emilie laughed loudly, to the great indignation of Dubois.

"Very good," said she, "but you did not hear what I said. It is the excellent Maximilian who gave Eléonore this place for Lise."

The anger of the magistrate was instantly appeased.

"I," he cried, "I refuse for my daughter the society of a virtuous being destined to embellish the life of the eminently feeling and beneficent man! I refuse anything to the mortal chosen by the Supreme Being to restore—h'm! No, po, I am not one of those who, as the illustrious philosopher, martyred by Imperial tyranny (have I not named Seneca?), says—*Pauci reges non regna colunt*—prefer power to illustrious men."

"After all," said Emilie, quickly, "you are not in the wrong, cousin. I often have been reviled by dirty old women, and had stones thrown at me by ragged national guards. Under those

circumstances, I regretted more than once not having the escort of my negro, Domingo. It is true that the negroes are no longer slaves, although, between you and me, they are not fit to be anything else, but my father never will listen to my taking him out to walk after me, as he did formerly. He says that just now negroes are too much the fashion, that they are carried in triumph, represented on the stage; and, by-the-bye, my darling Little Nightingale, I give you notice that next decade the piece called *The Liberty of the Negroes*, or *They are free at last*, which has been so long announced, will be acted at the Lycée des Arts of the Jardin d'Egalité. What was I saying? Oh, yes, this poor Domingo is the best, the most credulous, the most devoted of blacks; he would let himself be cut in pieces for me, whom he worships as a goddess, and dreads as a witch, and he would have most willingly consented publicly to resume his position as a servant, which he has never relinquished in the house, only that, as I was saying, Little Nightingale, my beloved father asserts that his life and mine would be in danger if I were to be suspected of wishing to be attended by a negro slave. Do you know what we have done? Our good Domingo has but one dream: he believes that the Republic is the slavery of the whites."

The virtuous Dubois, whom this terribly free-speaking wounded at every point, and who had already protested that it was a crime to talk of rags *à propos* of national guards, and of ugliness in connection with aged female patriots, since the genius of Liberty spread its divine veil over them all, could not refrain from uttering a deep sigh as Emilie uttered the last words, and he looked around him with his characteristic alarmed and furtive circular glance. But Emilie resumed her narrative, with unabated volubility, which the magistrate considered (and with good reason) capable of sending all its hearers to the guillotine.

"Our good Domingo has only one dream, it is to become, like his compatriot the negro Nicholas, a juryman at the Revolutionary Tribunal, so that he may be able to exterminate the greatest possible number of whites. In the meantime we have had him made a grenadier of the Convention, although he is too stupid to understand even an order. But you see the reason at a glance, cousin. There is no law to prevent a girl's being attended by a grenadier of the Convention, on the contrary, it appears that the young citizens encourage the brave defenders

of the Republic by their society. I have this grenadier to walk behind me, and thus I keep a slave who is a Conventional grenadier, to defend me against the insults of butchers and errand boys, for I have remarked, cousin, that these two kinds of persons are particularly fond of equality."

But the virtuous Dubois had literally escaped to the other end of the garden, where he found a seat, and had drawn from the pocket of his carmagnole a little book which he began to read, to allay his alarm and indignation.

*Folk-lore of Upper Brittany.*¹

THE word "folk-lore" has been recently adopted into the English language, as a convenient, though somewhat vague heading, under which to arrange all that has been observed or recorded of the traditions current among the "common people" of different countries, civilized or uncivilized, in ancient, medieval, and modern times. But although it is obvious that, since each nation and each locality has a folk-lore, as it has a language of its own, to set forth any given folk-lore in a comprehensive and orderly manner is virtually to exhibit the past and present intellectual, moral, social, and religious condition of the people to whom it belongs, yet a thorough investigation of the vulgar antiquities of a country, especially one's own, was until very recent times thought as childish as it was useless. An exception was, indeed, made in favour of the folk-lores of ancient Greece and Rome, as being intrinsically beautiful and singularly instructive. Germany was the first to give signs of awakening to a wider, more sympathetic, and intelligent interest in the various products of a nation's mind, its legends and tales, its manners and customs, its laws, government, religion, and daily life. Herder's celebrated collection of popular songs, made towards the close of the last, and the successive publications of the brothers Grimm in the early part of the present century, showed for the first time what results may be hoped for by an intelligent investigator, who gives himself the trouble to collect largely and interpret faithfully a people's oral traditions and unwritten customs. The new knowledge thus carefully obtained, in great measure by the skilful use of folk-lore "collected from the mouths of old women in the spinning-rooms of German villages," has acquired a peculiar interest and fresh importance from the recent discoveries of philology; so much so, indeed,

¹ *Contes populaires de la Haute-Bretagne. Deuxième Série. Contes des Paysans et des Pêcheurs.* Par M. Paul Sébillot. Paris: G. Charpentier, Editeur, 13, Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain, 1881.

that comparative mythology has now become the inseparable companion of philology, since it has been made clear that every mythology, at least in the Aryan family, however puerile it may appear at first sight, is a fit subject for scientific investigation and capable of yielding scientific results.

These few words were perhaps necessary by way of apology for introducing to the notice of our readers an interesting collection of Popular Stories, recently published by a French author of merit and distinction, which, however charmingly told, might unless some such plea were put in for them, and the author's scope and object were kept in view, be pronounced common, childish, and even ridiculous, or at best fit only, if prettily bound up, for the nursery, or to serve as prizes for little school-girls; though, by the way, it would not be amiss if nursery tales never contained anything more trashy, and school prizes were never less entertaining, than the amusing stories lately presented to the public by M. Paul Sébillot. But a glance at the preface to his latest series will satisfy the reader, that the writer has higher aims than the amusement of children. Treading in the footsteps of his predecessor Villemarqué, M. Paul Sébillot has scoured Upper Brittany from end to end, and the result, so far, is two series of popular stories, with the promise of a third to appear at no very distant date. These tales, he tells us, he has been at the trouble of taking down from the lips themselves of Breton peasants and fishermen. No pains have been spared to ensure accuracy and reproduce faithfully the thought, and, so far as possible, the very expressions of the narrator. Like the seekers after myths and myth-makers in Germany, M. Sébillot has been fortunate in securing the help of the best story-tellers amongst the women of Upper Brittany, who here as elsewhere are better hands at preserving old stories and traditions, than their less imaginative and more matter-of-fact mates of the sturdier sex. Female vanity, too, stepped in as an additional incentive to their zeal in the service of our author. Few of them, however illiterate, proved quite insensible to the promised glory of seeing themselves in print, a feeling which prompted many of them to take almost as lively an interest in the work as their questioner himself. In his service they often gave up whole days of their time, and went eagerly in search of those who passed for possessing any acquaintance with legendary story. In default of the story-tellers themselves, they brought back their tales, reporting them with a fidelity the author found

quite wonderful, whenever, as was not unfrequently the case, he had the opportunity of testing their accuracy by a personal recurrence to the source whence they had derived the legends and myths they retailed to him.

In the preface to their German stories, the brothers Grimm speak of one out of many of their story-tellers in the following terms: "In the village of Niederzwehren, near Cassel, we had the good fortune to come across a peasant woman, to whom we are indebted for the prettiest stories contained in our second volume. . . . Her memory retained faithfully all the old legends of the country—a facility which, as she took good care to impress upon us, was not given to everybody, for that there were many who could not retain these stories in their memory at all. She told her tales with much deliberation, plenty of spirit, and without the least hesitation. It was plainly a labour of love to her. Whenever asked to do so, she would repeat the story slowly enough for us to take it down at her dictation." Such a treasure M. Sébillot, too, was lucky enough to find in the person of one Rose Renaud, a woman of quick intelligence and retentive memory, who made it her business to go about from village to village picking up stories of the olden time from the lips of talkative beldames, and repeating them afterwards with a fidelity, an enthusiasm, and a picturesqueness of expression, which rendered the writer's task at once easy and agreeable; for it must not be forgotten that his has been the patient toil of the gatherer, who leaves to others the more scientific labour of comparison and inference from the data furnished by his industry.

The stories contained in the delightful little volume now under review, form one of a series collected in Upper Brittany, that is to say, in that portion of this ancient province in which the French language only is now in use. Many of these stories were related to the author by natives of the interior; but the greater number of them, and in particular "*les légendes des houles*," were collected on the sea-coast. The fairy stories called "*les légendes des houles*," occupying the most conspicuous place in the whole collection, seem to require a short word of explanation.

All along the sea-coast, which forms the seaward boundary of the department known by the name of *Ile-et-Vilaine*, and throughout that portion of the *Côtes-du-Nord* in which French is the only language spoken, the name "*houles*" (cf. our English

hole, as in the well-known cave of Kent's Hole, near Torquay) is given to the numerous caves which underlie the cliffs of Brittany. Some of these caves are of colossal proportions, and the entrance to them not unfrequently consists of a wide opening in the rock, with a vaulted roof of semicircular shape which rises to a height of from ten to a dozen metres above the shingle, the caves themselves sometimes extending so far into the bowels of the land, that in the popular belief no one has ever got to the end of them. In other cases, on the contrary, the cave is approached by a chasm hidden high up amongst the rocky cliffs, and so narrow as to leave room for the passage of only one person at a time; a few yards further on, however, the entrance begins to widen out, and often reaches to a great distance under the cliff. In some instances the approach to these "*houles*" consists of a long narrow gallery of rocks, with steep perpendicular sides, forming a kind of avenue to the cavern itself. The dilapidated condition of many of the caves, which in the lapse of time have become choked up with the crumbling *debris* of fallen rock, is accounted for by the peasants, by supposing that they have been suffered to fall into decay since the departure of the fairies out of the land. They were even very precise as to the date of their flitting; for the author encountered several persons, as firmly persuaded that "*les dames des houles*"—that is, the fairies—had left the country no later than the beginning of the present century, as they were convinced that they had once really inhabited it. One old crone, in particular, an inhabitant of Saint-Cast, eighty-eight years of age, declared solemnly on the faith of all she held most sacred, that she had once seen a lady fairy, or *fée*, taking a walk with a gentleman fairy, or *faitaud*, on the beach; and many more, ranging at the present day from fifty to sixty years of age, can still remember how their parents and grand-parents used gravely to relate their encounters with the fairies. Some believe to the present day that the fairies will return in the year 1900, a belief which is not confined to the people of the sea-coast. A few, however, still maintain that the fairies have never left the country, and on one occasion our author fell in with a sempstress so convinced of this, that she would not, for all the gold in the department, have dared to pass after nightfall by a field known at Saint-Cast as the "*Couvent des Fées*."

A word now, before making a few extracts from M. Sébillot's interesting little book, about the chief characteristics, the

manners and customs of the fairies, as they were conceived in the popular mind. In the good old days when the fairies dwelt in their caves or "houles," they often manifested their presence to men, but they revealed it much oftener by night than by day. Before sun-down they were seen by those only who took the precaution of rubbing their eyes with an ointment which gave them the second-sight; after midnight they were visible to all comers. With the exception of their preternatural powers and the gift of immortality, their life was in all other respects the life of ordinary mortal men and women, subject to the same passions and liable to the same diseases. We find, for example, the child of a fairy suffering from sore eyes; we hear of their loves, and of their marriage at one time to other fairies, like themselves, or to the old man of the sea, with his long locks of sea-wrack and his slimy body dripping a greenish ooze, and at another even to plain mortal men, but in this last case they forfeited their immortality either as a consequence of baptism, or else simply because thenceforth they took up their abode with mere human beings. They seem to have been specially fond of children. They bore their own, or in default, carried off those of their neighbours, leaving behind them in the cradles they had emptied ugly abortions and old-fashioned-looking babies that never grew; at other times they decoyed little girls to their caves, and detained them there for years together. The occupations of the fairies resembled those of men. They could be heard rocking and singing their children to sleep; they baked their own bread, did their own washing, and spread out their clothes to dry on the grass; and their linen was proverbial for its spotless whiteness, so much so that to this day the peasants express their ideal of beautiful linen by saying that it is white as fairy linen. They owned cows and oxen, invisible to all but their herdsmen, and sheep, generally black and very large, which they left to browse in company with the flocks of neighbouring farmers. Some of them could boast the possession even of horses, and they all had cats and black hens. They generally borrowed or bought their cattle of men; but some were so human as to find it simpler to appropriate whatever they needed, and whenever they supplied their wants in this free-and-easy manner, they could be detected by those only who had smeared their eyes with the second-sight-giving ointment.

Generally speaking, however, and with few and rare excep-

tions—in all which cases they got the name of evil fairies, whereas the others were styled the “good ladies,” or “goodies”—the fairies are represented as taking delight in doing good to man, and this for the most part gratuitously. If, when the husbandman was out at work in the fields, he asked them civilly for the cake of the country, known as “galette,” or for bread, they would give it him; but if he was rude, they paid him out by putting dogs’ hairs into the loaf. The shape their gifts to mortals very commonly took was a great hunch of bread, which always remained fresh and whole, never diminishing in size so long as the recipient of the favour was careful not to share it with strangers. Their gifts were either an act of pure benevolence, or were made in payment of services rendered, or in compensation for damage done by the cattle of the “good ladies.” Amongst the numerous fairy gifts figuring in the “*légendes des houles*,” a conspicuous place is held by the broom, which grew again as fast as it was cut down; by the black hen, which laid eggs without number; by the lucky fish-hook, and the exhaustless purse. Sometimes the fairies asked to be allowed to stand as god-parents to the children of men, and in that case they made handsome presents to their god-children; but if they were refused this privilege, they often took an exceedingly spiteful revenge. According to more than one legend, their mouths were full of worms, because the baptismal salt had never touched their lips; a handful of salt dashed suddenly into their mouths would even kill them. Though for the most part young, beautiful in form, and very prepossessing in appearance, they are sometimes depicted as repulsively ugly and looking to be many hundred years old.

The verdict of the reader will perhaps pronounce these Breton fairies to be clownish, clumsy, and common-place, if he contrasts their somewhat vulgar charms with the delicate beauty of those unearthly beings, which used to ravish his childish fancy up in the nursery. But let them be a trifle prosy, and at times queer and grotesque, are they not on that very account all the more natural, as being the products of the uncultured imagination of simple folk, and all the more interesting because they are a sure index to the character, customs, and manner of life of an untutored, unworldly, and unsophisticated peasantry? Be this as it may, the stories connected with “*les fées des houles*” are a class of fairy tale quite peculiar to Upper Brittany, and the elves and sprites they describe stand apart from every other

category of fairy by the number and preciseness of the legends attaching to their name. Further research may possibly stumble upon traces of a belief in beings of a similar character, both in Lower Brittany and on the sea-coast of Normandy; but up to this date French story-books contain nothing like the legends of the Houles. The nearest approach to anything of the kind is to be found in some Basque legends collected by MM. Cerquand and Webster. The fairies of the Houles would seem to be the successors in the popular mind of the old gods of the sea, divinities, all trace of whose very names has long since been lost, and it appears very probable, that the famous caves we have been speaking about came to be considered the resort of the fairies, from the fact of their having so long served as a safe place of refuge to smugglers in the palmy days of the contraband trade on the coast of Brittany. The smugglers of those times, it should be remembered, dressed in grey, and grey was popularly believed to be the colour of these "fées" and "faitauds." It would be the most natural thing in the world, then, if in order to strengthen the superstitious fears of the common people, and so prevent the indiscreet visits of prying peasants to the caves which served the smugglers for convenient hiding-places, the wags amongst them occasionally counterfeited apparitions such as that, which the old crone already mentioned swore so confidently to having seen.

But it is time we made a few extracts from the book before us, and in doing so we offer an apology to M. Sébillot for the loss in spirit, grace, and charm, which his pretty version of these stories must inevitably suffer at the hands of our rough-and-ready translation of them. The fairies, it has been already remarked, were generally very good-natured to mortal men; but how spiteful they could be to those who were unkind or rude to them, the following two stories will show.

THE FAIRY DANCE.

Once upon a time, seven merry little Fairies came out to dance by moonlight near La Chanouette's Hole, hard by the rocks called Pierres-Sonnantes.² Their number being uneven, one of the band had no partner; so she was obliged to look on wistfully, whilst the others danced. Presently there came upon the scene a little hunchback, in shape as ugly as the seven deadly sins, but in wit as sharp as a needle,

² The Pierres-Sonnantes are enormous boulders, of which the two largest, lying one atop of the other, give out a sound like that of a cracked bell, as often as they are struck by a stone or a piece of metal.

who begged in the most gracious possible manner to be allowed to take part in the dance. The Fairies were, of course, right glad to have his company, because from odd their number being now made even, they were all enabled to take their place in the fun. Now after several rounds, the dancers began to get very hungry. So one of the Fairies went and struck the sounding rocks, and cried out the while: "Please send us some good fresh milk and hot cakes!" Whereupon quantities of fine fresh milk and beautiful hot cakes immediately made their appearance on the rocks, and the little hunchback falling to found them such good belly-cheer, that he ate and drank his fill of the food. He did not know it was the Fairies, who had gone and fetched him all these good things from the neighbouring farms. Moreover, as on this particular day the sprites happened to be in a very good humour with all the world, they good-naturedly rid our little humpback of his hump, and changed him into as pretty a fellow as he had hitherto been an ugly. The meal over, the Fairies shifted their quarters to a little distance, and then set to work dancing again with all their might at a spot called "*Croix aux Mèles*."

It chanced that just when the dance was at its height a countryman, passing that way and seeing the Fairies dancing in the moonlight, begged the good ladies to let him join hands with them. Now this he did only to make game of them. So the Fairies gave him a hand in their dance, but very soon showed the bumpkin sound reason to rue his uncivil speeches to them. For when the dance was ended, they asked him where he wanted to go to, and when he jestingly replied, that he had a mind to go and quaff a cup of wine at Bordeaux, they took and dragged him by the hair of his head all through muddy ponds and prickly bushes until he found himself, to his great astonishment, transported all the way to Bordeaux, but so wet to the skin, so knocked about, and so covered with ugly scratches, and big bumps and bruises, that he was more dead than alive. The wine of Bordeaux, however, revived him a little. But the Fairies had not done with him yet, for they insisted on bringing him back again by sea, and all the way they kept frightening him out of his wits by asking him banteringly, at what precise spot of the sea he wished to be drowned.

"I don't want to be drowned at all," was the caitiff's piteous answer. "Do, pray, good ladies, conduct me back to my village. I will be very good, if you do."

So they started to take him home. But on the road they forced him willy nilly to dance a jig in front of every cross in the country, till they reached their own village, for they had made up their minds he should lead them back again to the spot, where he had first encountered them. Then when they had in this way fairly danced him off his legs, they left him to lie down and take his rest, and as soon as his snoring told them that he was fast asleep, they went and fetched the hump they had removed from the back of their first partner, and clapped it on the shoulders of the sleeper. And so they left the luckless fellow.

On awaking he made straight for his home in the village, but he was so much altered, and was grown so excessively ugly, that his own father and mother did not know him again. So, with a chapfallen face and a heavy heart, he betook himself to the Fairies, and entreated them to relieve him of his hump. But they turned a deaf ear to his prayers. Then he went his way in despair, and wandered about the world all forlorn. Still, whenever his belly was pinched with hunger, he would go and strike the sounding rocks, and call piteously for good fresh milk and hot cakes. But because he had made game of the Fairies, they filled the cakes full of nasty dogs' hairs, and even so, he was first constrained nearly to break his crooked back with piling stone upon stone before he could get at them at all, so high out of his reach used the Fairies to leave their gifts. But not all his prayers and tears could prevail upon them to rid him of his hump, and so he carried the ugly thing to his dying day.

Our next story, besides showing how spiteful the Fairies could be to those who reviled them, points the moral that all the treasures of the world are not worth the blessings of youth and health. To one of the infirmities with which the old lady here described is afflicted, the reader may perhaps object as strongly as Mr. Dennis, the hangman, is said to have done, who, it will be remembered, confided to his friends that if there was one thing in the world he disliked more than another, that one thing was "snivelling."

THE OLD WOMAN WHO WOULD BE A GIRL.

Once upon a time there lived a Queen who was as old as the hills. She had only one tooth left in her head, and that was loose; her bald pate shook like an aspen-leaf; and her poor old pinched-up nose had a sad trick of always snivelling. In vain were the daintiest dishes set before her,—she had no stomach for them; she had even ceased to take the least pleasure in seeing her generals and nobles present themselves at court to do her homage.

So one fine day she bethought herself of bidding all the Fairies to a great banquet, and when they were gathered together, she addressed them in these words:

"My dear good ladies, if you will be so kind and obliging as to make me into a girl again, I will pledge you my royal word that you shall have as much money as you can carry away with you."

"It would give us infinite pleasure," the Fairies made answer, "to have it in our power to serve your Majesty, but we cannot make you young again, unless you can find us a little girl willing to become as wizened an old woman as you are at this hour."

When she heard these words, the Queen immediately caused a proclamation to be made, to the sound of big and little drum, through-

out her dominions, that she would bestow all she possessed, even her royal crown, on any young girl, fifteen years of age, who would consent to become an old woman in her Majesty's stead. Straightway there was a wonderful great gathering made from all parts of the kingdom of young maidens of every sort and description, rich and poor, pretty and plain. But when once they had clapped eyes on the ugly old Queen, not a soul of them could be prevailed upon to take her place.

Now the young girls of the kingdom had all been brought together, with the single exception of a poor little Breton child, and she was an orphan, and an outcast on the face of God's earth, who had not a penny in the world. So when the old Queen had been told of her, she sent for the girl as her last hope, and when the little maid was brought into her presence, she made a great display of all imaginable good things. But the child only pulled a wry face, put her finger into her mouth, and said pouting:

"Please, Ma'am, I would rather beg my bread and sleep out in the cold all my life long than be the old guy you are."

"Only just to try and see what it is like!" one of the Fairies whispered coaxingly in her ear. "You shall grow young again, the moment you are tired of being a Queen."

So saying the Fairy gave the little maid a gentle tap with her wand, and in a twinkling all the child's pretty freshness was gone, and she stood before the court a toothless, palsied, shrivelled, and snivelling old woman. Then the Fairy struck the real Queen a blow with the magic wand, and forthwith sent her skipping through the rooms of the palace in all the health and glee of youth. In the meantime the most savoury dishes were served up to the little Breton girl, but she had no relish for them; her courtiers and great generals came to pay their duty to her, but she never heeded them, for the noise they made incommoded her, and their very presence was irksome.

"Oh, good ladies," at last she cried to the Fairies, "I am so tired of being a Queen! Do, please, let me be a poor little beggar-girl again."

So the Fairy taking pity on her touched her with the wand, and from an unhappy and ugly old woman made her once again into the happy and pretty little maid she had been before; then the Fairy struck the Queen, and at the touch of the magic wand the blood ceased to run in her veins, her skin shrivelled up, her head began to shake, and she was once more a deformed and sour old witch. But this wicked old Queen began to curse the Fairies for the evil they had done her; so to punish her for her spitefulness, they changed her into a tortoise, with never a shell to wear upon her back, and in that sorry plight she has been crawling about the world ever since.

Any collection of fairy tales would be incomplete, which did not contain a due proportion of marvellous adventure. The stories vary widely under the influence of climate, religion, and

civilization, and yet remain the same in substance. The same characters and the same incidents constantly recur under innumerable names and shapes. Everywhere there is the search for the bright maiden who has been stolen away, everywhere the long struggle to recover her; and from the days of Helen of Troy to our own, the war of Ilion has been fought on a lesser or a greater scale in every land. In the following story the heroine of the enchanted castle figures in the allegorical name of Felicity, and a son of Charlemagne is her deliverer.

THE PRINCESS FELICITY.

Once upon a time the son of Charlemagne falling very love-sick, went to his father, and thus accosted him :

"Father," he said, "I want to get married."

"Very well, my son," his father answered him, "if you really want a wife, I will show you the portraits of many beautiful princesses, that you may pick and choose the prettiest."

So saying the King produced a book, containing the likenesses of all the princesses of the world, and showed them to his son. They were of all kinds, short and tall, dark and fair, pretty and plain. But the King's son was a terrible long time turning over the leaves of the book, before he could suit his taste. At last his eyes glistened with pleasure as he suddenly exclaimed :

"I have her, father ; this is the lady I will have to wife."

"Goodness me," said Charlemagne, as he took and examined the picture, "why, you have been and chosen the Princess Felicity, the most beautiful of them all. Alas, my son, though she is the fairest of the fair, no man can gain access to her to court her. Many have made the attempt, myself among the number, but none have yet succeeded."

"I will make essay," was the brave answer ; "I daresay I shall be more fortunate than you."

So the son of Charlemagne took horse, and accompanied by one of his trustiest henchmen rode off in quest of the Princess imprisoned in the enchanted castle, taking with him a carriage for the convenience of the lady, when he should have found and delivered her. And all day long they journeyed on, the Prince and his servant, till at nightfall they reached the skirts of a forest, where they pulled up for the night, and having given their horses a good feed lay down to sleep.

But the Prince's henchman was awake in the middle of the night by a peculiar rustling in the leaves of the trees overhead. He pricked up his ears and listened, when, lo and behold, he heard the winds of heaven whispering together among the branches.

"Any news from France?" they all asked of a wind, which blew from that quarter.

"Great news," answered the latter ; "the King's son is gone off in

search of the Princess Felicity. Poor fellow! he is doomed to disappointment. He will never succeed in finding her."

"Why not?" asked the other winds in chorus. "Is there no means of getting to see her?"

"To be sure there is;" replied the wind that blew from France, "but he shall never know it, because I am the only person in the secret. Let me tell you, then, that the Princess is shut up safe and sound in a castle jealously guarded by wild beasts, which never sleep; only every day, on the stroke of twelve, they all fall down in a death-swoon and do not come to themselves again till one o'clock. Now that is the only hour in the day when it is possible to reach the Princess. Even so, a man, who has effected his entrance into the castle, must still keep all his wits about him, lest he suffer himself to be stopped by sundry enchantments; for the castle is full of beautiful damsels, whose object it is to detain the intruder, and by their sweet songs and coaxing ways entice him to look round, when a turn of the head is ruin. But this is not all. To succeed in the enterprize the deliverer of the Princess must hold in his hand a magic wand, which at present lies hidden away in the topmost branches of a very high tree in this forest; for as soon as the wild beasts become aware of the disappearance of the Princess, off they tear in pursuit at the top of their speed, and without the help of the wand the river which flows round the castle is impassable, and escape impossible."

The trusty henchman was listening all this time with both ears erect, not daring so much as to breathe for fear of losing a syllable of what the winds were saying, and they were no sooner gone than he began to turn over in his mind and get off by heart all that he had heard. At break of day he woke up his master, and they resumed their journey together, till they came to the hut of a poor old peasant, whom they greeted with a hearty good morning.

"Whither away?" asked the old man cheerily.

"We are going to deliver the Princess Felicity," answered the son of Charlemagne.

The old man shook his head sorrowfully. "Well-a-day," he said, "many and many is the fine tall young fellow, prince and soldier, I have seen pass this way to the castle, but I have never known any to come back."

Now the Prince took it into his head to stay a few days with the old countryman; so his servant pretending he had a mind to stroll about and see the country, put his watch into his pocket, mounted his horse, and rode off to deliver the Princess. A patient search among the trees was at last rewarded by the discovery of the hidden wand, armed with which he reached the enchanted castle just as the clock was striking a quarter to twelve. But the wild beasts had already sniffed him out, and he could hear the hurry-scurry of their feet as they come bounding out to eat him up. Indeed he had barely time to clamber up into a tree when they were upon him. With terrible howlings and desperate

scratchings they tore up tree after tree with such speed and fury, that the terror-stricken henchman had no sooner leapt from one tree into another, than the one he had just fled from fell to the ground with a crash. But in the nick of time the clock struck twelve; down fell his enemies lifeless to the ground, and the trusty henchman rode off at the top of his speed to the castle. But when he got there, do what he would, he could not find the way in; so, as it was getting near the hour for the beasts to come to life again, he turned his horse's head and rode away.

On the following morning, having made his master the same speech as before, and told him that he was off to scour the country for information, he galloped away and once again found himself in front of the castle at precisely a quarter to twelve. Out came the wild beasts more frantically furious than ever, tumbling over one another in their headlong eagerness to devour their enemy. Nimble as a cat he sprang up a tree; the tree was uprooted in a twinkling. Quick as lightning he jumped into another, which was as speedily torn up by the roots. He had made a desperate leap into a third, and was hanging on to its branches quite exhausted, when just as the tree was going to fall, the first stroke of twelve was heard pealing out over the castle and forest. Immediately the wild beasts all lay down spell-bound, and so the trusty henchman made the best of his way to the enchanted castle.

Now he was more fortunate this time than he had been on his first visit; for he found no difficulty in discovering the principal gate, which opened to him at once and straightway admitted him into the castle. Then, as he was making his way through the apartments which led to the chamber of the Princess Felicity, he fell in with troops of beautiful damsels, who made him soft speeches and pressed him coaxingly to tarry with them a space. But he turned a deaf ear to their cajoleries, and passed them by. So the sirens began to sing him sweet songs to make him turn round his head and listen; but their music had no charm in his ears, for he went straight on his way never heeding them, nor turning his head an inch this side or that, till he came to the apartment of the Princess, which he entered, and having courteously saluted her, took her gently by the hand and conducted her safely out of the castle. Then he leapt into the saddle, and placing the Princess behind him, clapped spurs to his horse and galloped off with his prize.

But on the first stroke of one the wild beasts, waking up, all sprang into life again, and came bounding along with loud roarings and terrible strides in hot pursuit of the runaways, whose further flight was by this time barred by the wide waters of a deep and rapid river. Here the trusty henchman, nothing daunted, took the magic wand into his hands, and commanded the waters to open out and let them pass, and at his bidding the river retired right and left, making a way for the Princess and her escort to cross over dry-shod. Having reached the opposite bank, they calmly awaited the coming of their pursuers, and

when the wild beasts had got well into the middle of the river-bed, the trusty henchman grasped his wand and bade the waters to flow on again; and so it came to pass that the beasts were all drowned in the flood.

Thus was the Princess conducted in safety to the spot where the son of Charlemagne was impatiently awaiting the return of his faithful follower. And the Prince was very much surprised to see the Princess, and his eyes were made glad by the sight of her loveliness, and he pronounced her to be by far the most beautiful lady in all the world.

So, resuming their journey, it fell out that the travellers were again benighted in the same wood where the Prince and his follower had made their first halt. But the Prince and Princess and their henchman, all three lay down to rest and soon fell fast asleep. Their faithful retainer, however, presently awoke to hear the winds once again holding parley as before.

"When we were chatting here together an evening or so ago," one of them was remarking, "we were most certainly overheard; so we must be careful this time to see that no one is hidden in the wood."

Hereupon they all set about rummaging the forest through, tree by tree and leaf after leaf, without however ever discovering the Prince and Princess, or their attendant; and so at last they settled themselves down and fell to chatting again without the least constraint.

"There's not a soul about," they said. "What's the news?"

"News?" echoed the wind from France. "Why, that the Princess Felicity has been set free. But if she thinks all danger is past, she is mightily mistaken. She has many another obstacle to surmount before she sets foot on French soil. First, she will encounter a fruit-seller, who will offer to sell her a basketful of the most beautiful grapes. Now the Princess, I know, is very fond of grapes; but to taste them is certain death. If she surmounts this danger, yet another awaits her on the banks of a deep river, where she will hear the cries of a drowning man calling piteously to her for help. Let her so much as touch his hand, and she is a dead woman."

Having talked themselves out, the winds made off in different directions, and the henchman, at peep of day, hastened to wake up his master and mistress, taking care, however, not to breathe a syllable to them of the talk he had heard during the night. So they all three set out again on their way home. Towards mid-day they were stopped by a man crying aloud: "Grapes to sell! Fine grapes to sell!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Princess in a rapture. "Grapes? I am so very fond of grapes; I should so much like to buy some."

"Pray, dear lady, do nothing of the kind," entreated the henchman; "these you see are good for nothing; I do assure you they are all spoilt."

"Good or bad, I will have them," insisted the Princess, preparing to alight from her carriage.

"Oh, well, if your ladyship must, she must, I suppose," said her attendant, feigning not to care. "But at least allow me to spare you the trouble, and go and buy them for you."

So saying, down he got from his horse, and off he went to the fruit-seller, and bought up the whole basket of grapes. Then, when no one was looking, he slyly steeped them in the stagnant waters of a stinking pool hard by, crushed them up together, and, as he presented them to the Princess, remarked in an off-hand way: "Your ladyship will see I was right; these grapes are worthless; they have a most horrible smell."

So the grapes were thrown away; and this danger passed, they went on their journey, and very soon came to the banks of a deep river. Here their ears were presently startled by the voice of a drowning man, who called aloud for "Help! help!"

"For pity's sake," eagerly exclaimed the Princess, "let us go quickly and save this poor man's life at all hazards."

"For God's dear sake, my lady," said her anxious servant, "do nothing of the kind. Pray, do take my advice and leave the fellow to his fate."

But the Princess had already sprung from her carriage and rushed to the bank, and was on the very point of eagerly grasping the drowning man's hand, when her servant stepped in and at one stroke of his sword cut the struggling wretch's arm clean off, who thereupon sank like a stone beneath the waters.

"Scoundrel! villain!" exclaimed the son of Charlemagne, quite beside himself with anger. "I will make you pay dearly for the murder of this poor fellow, when we get home; for by Heaven I will have your life for his."

So the moment they reached the Castle of Charlemagne, the Prince put his servant to death, and the latter was no sooner dead than he was turned into a marble statue, and stowed away as lumber in one of the royal apartments. Then was the marriage of the beautiful Princess to the son of Charlemagne celebrated with all imaginable pomp and magnificence. There was no lack of good cheer. Little sucking-pigs ran about the streets all day long, ready roasted and with forks sticking up handy in their chines, that all who wished might help themselves to a slice, and at the corner of every street there stood a great big barrel of wine.

One day, not very long after her wedding, the Princess heard a voice which said to her: "Unhappy woman! you have been the death of your deliverer; you have killed the man by whom you were yourself twice rescued from the jaws of death, for had you eaten one of those grapes, or so much as touched the hand of the drowning man, you must have fallen stiff and stark."

Now the Princess was very much afflicted by these words, and so one day she told her husband what the strange voice had said, and the Prince, he too was very sorry, and repented him bitterly that he had killed his trusty henchman.

"I am going on a journey, my dear," he said to his wife one morning, "to see if I can discover some way of calling our faithful servant back to life again."

So he set out, and as he rode along he bethought him of the old countryman, whose acquaintance he and his follower had made on their first expedition, and so resolving to take counsel of him, he made straight for his hut. Overtaken, however, by darkness in the very wood where he had twice before halted to rest for the night, he lay down to sleep on the old spot. At midnight he awoke and thought he heard a noise; as usual, it was the winds gossiping away according to their custom in the branches of the trees.

"Twice before have we been overheard," they whispered to one another, "and twice have our secrets been discovered. Before we open our lips this time, we will make quite certain there is no one lurking in the wood."

So they set to work ferreting about in every direction, and in their search they came so near to the son of Charlemagne as to touch the hair of his head; fortunately for him, however, they confounded his locks with the grass in which he lay, and so returned quite unsuspectingly to the old trysting-place.

"What's the news from France to-day?" was the question asked, as soon as they had settled down to their talk.

"The latest news out," said the wind from France, "is that the son of Charlemagne has been and killed the trusty henchman, who delivered the Princess out of the enchanted castle, and who afterwards rescued her twice over from death. What would not the Prince give now to be able to recall his servant to life, for he is very sorry indeed for the rash act?"

"Well, and is there no way at all of getting the poor fellow back to life again?" the others asked.

"Yes; there is one way," was the answer; "but the Prince shall never know it. All he has to do is to kill his own son, and smear the warm young blood over the dead man, who has been turned to stone. Then, to bring the child to life again, he has only to cut the youngster up into little bits, and throw these into boiling water, and the baby will come to life again, and be as quick as ever it was. But all this the Prince will never do, for the simple reason that he will never know anything about it."

When the winds had done their chat they took themselves off again in opposite directions, and the Prince arose, mounted his horse, and rode away. As soon as he got home, he went in to his wife and asked her to let him have their child for a few moments, and he took it upstairs, and cut its throat, and smeared the blood, yet fresh and warm, all over the statue of his servant. Instantly the stone became quick with life, and the trusty henchman stood before his master in exactly the same guise he wore before his metamorphosis. He opened his eyes, stared about, stretched his arms, yawned, and said:

"Dear me! how very soundly I have slept, to be sure."

"You have, indeed," said his master; "a sleep, too, from which folk do not often wake up again."

Then he cut up the little carcass of his son into mince-meat, and threw the bits into boiling water; and the child immediately came to life again, so well and hearty, that no one would ever have imagined it had had its throat cut. So the Prince took the child to its mother, to whom he also presented their faithful servant, saying: "My dear wife, here is our trusty henchman come to life again."

Whereupon the Princess rejoiced with an exceedingly great joy, and as for the son of Charlemagne, he showered favours on his faithful attendant, whom he treated ever after as his own brother, and from that time forth they all lived very happily together, and if not dead are living still.

In addition to ghost stories and stories about witches, the reader will find under the heading "*diablerie*" two or three amusing ones on the subject of dealings with the devil. A noticeable feature in these, as in many other Breton stories of the kind, in which men are pictured bartering away their souls for money or some other such merely temporal advantage, is the clever *ruse* whereby, when he has fulfilled his part of the bargain, Old Nick is finally outwitted, and his intended victim slips through his fingers, generally by taking advantage of Lucifer's well-known weak side and imposing on his vanity. But as these "*diableries*," besides being very long, contain nothing particularly original, we will spare the reader a class of story wherein it is difficult to determine which is the greater fool, the dupe who conveys away his soul by a document duly signed and sealed, or the devil himself, who ties himself down to conditions, when, if he had only a little patience, he might, in a few short years, get what he wanted for nothing. We will conclude, instead, with a very short specimen of tales ranged under the heading "*Facéties*." Has the reader ever heard the presence of the Man in the Moon accounted for as the Breton mother accounts for it in a story she tells her children to inspire them with a salutary horror of the naughtiness of pilfering?

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Once upon a time, just as a poor man, who had been gathering sticks, was hoisting the load on to his back, the "*Bon Dieu*" came and caught him in the act of appropriating what was not his own.

"Friend," He asked, "whither are you carrying off those fagots?"

"I am taking them," answered the delinquent, very much scared, "to light my fire with at home."

"Yes, but they do not belong to you," retorted the Bon Dieu. "So in punishment of your theft, you must die. You may, however, take your choice of going, after death, to live in the sun or the moon, whichever you prefer."

"Oh, in that case," replied the poor peasant, "I would very much rather go and live in the moon than in the sun, because since the moon travels only by night, I should not be seen quite so often."

So from that day to this there has been a man in the moon, who may be descried bearing on his shoulders a bundle of fagots, which he is condemned to carry till the crack of doom.

But it is time to take leave of M. Sébillot and his amusing book. We have been able to give only three or four out of some sixty or seventy tales, which the volume contains, and these not necessarily the best, for our selection has been unavoidably determined quite as much by our limited space as by the merit of the stories themselves. They are often very much too long for citation in full, and any attempt at abridgment would spoil them. But enough has perhaps been done, in spite of the drawbacks of a hurried translation, to make the reader wish to become personally acquainted with this author's very interesting little books. In addition to the series of stories we have been noticing and a second on the Oral Literature of Upper Brittany, already published, M. Sébillot has in the press a third series on the Popular Beliefs and Superstitions, and a fourth on the Feasts and Customs of Upper Brittany, together with a good collection of the national stories and popular songs of the country. It will be scarcely necessary to remark, in conclusion, that these series contain, as any such collection cannot fail to contain, abundant evidence of that strong religious faith, which is as much a distinguishing characteristic of the Breton, as of the Irish peasant. What may seem a tinge of irreverence in some of the stories is really nothing more than an affectionate and childlike familiarity with sacred things and holy personages on the part of a simple people, whose souls have been so long steeped in Catholicity that their faith has become a second nature, amounting almost to an instinct, and to whom God, and His Blessed Mother, and the Saints are not far off abstractions, but living realities, forming as integral a portion of their every-day life, as the railway, telegraph, and morning papers are essential elements of ours.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

English Relics.

II.—THE HAND OF ST. JAMES.

WHEN first I saw the hand of St. James, it was under a glass, on a mantelshelf in a little museum at Reading, between two dried specimens of fish. It was labelled, "the hand of St. James," and over it was placed an extract from Roger Hoveden, or one of the other chroniclers, giving in a few lines the history of its coming to Reading. The party of visitors to the museum consisted of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Scott Murray of Danesfield, Mr. Lewis Mackenzie, and myself, and the object of the visit was to see whether it might not be possible to get the relic into Catholic hands. This was in September, 1852.

After this sight of the incorrupt hand of the Apostle we were more eager than before, and Mr. Lewis Mackenzie opened a correspondence with the managers of the Reading Athenæum. They were asked whether a sum of money to spend in scientific instruments would not be more to their purpose than the possession of the relic, and they were told that a *bona fide* collector was prepared to offer a price for it. The proposal was well received, and the sum of fifty guineas was named on their side as an "offer that would be entertained." The offer was made and accepted; but the Board of Management ultimately came to the conclusion that they had no power to dispose of the relic of the hand. This was in April, 1853.

Thus far Mr. Mackenzie had written in behalf of Mr. Scott Murray, but two years later his negotiations were renewed under different circumstances, and he ultimately became the possessor of the relic. The museum was broken up, and its contents restored to the representatives of the original donors. The hand was sent back to the family of the gentleman who had given it to the museum, the late Dr. Hooper; and his executors parted with it to Mrs. Blount of Mapledurham for Mr. Lewis Mackenzie for the sum of £30. The relic passed thus into Catholic hands in the month of March, 1855.

Mr. Lewis Mackenzie took his newly acquired treasure with him to Scotland. He showed it on his way to the Fathers of the Oratory at Birmingham, and expressed his intention to Mr. John Hardman of having a reliquary made for it. But nothing could have been sadder than the event that frustrated his intentions. Mr. Mackenzie had not long been in possession of a place called Findon, in Rossshire, by the name of which lairdship he was called. He was taking great delight in various plans for the benefit of his tenantry and for the promotion of the Catholic religion in a part of the world, where certainly his help seemed providentially given, so much was it needed, when suddenly his life was cut short. The story, from its very sad circumstances, was much spoken of at the time, and many must remember it yet.

In January, 1856, he invited his two great friends, the Rev. Angus McKenzie of Eskdale and the Rev. C. Gordon of Beaul, to visit his property, and it was arranged that on their return they were to dine at Dingwall with the Provost of the town. They arrived late for dinner, very tired and hungry. They eat heartily of some meat, of the taste of which their host complained, sending his plate away, as did also another guest. Towards the end of dinner Father Gordon complained of feeling ill, and said he would go upstairs and lie down. As he was considered very nervous about his health, his friends thought little of it, but on leaving the dining-room, they went up to see him, and were standing round his bed, laughing and joking with him, and trying to make him forget his ailments, when Father McKenzie began to feel very cold and ill, and said he would go down to the fire in the drawing-room, where he became rapidly worse. Almost at the same time Mr. Lewis Mackenzie was attacked in the same way. The doctor was sent for, but unfortunately he had just left his house to visit a sick person some twenty miles off. Singularly enough he actually passed the house, and struck a match on the wall of it. He was surprised at the sound of voices, and at the sight of lights being carried about, but he passed on. In less than two hours from the time that Father Gordon began to complain, the two good priests and Mr. Mackenzie of Findon were dead. The Provost and the other guest who had merely tasted the meat were also attacked rather later, and in a much slighter degree, and as by that time there was no doubt that all had been poisoned, remedies were taken, and they ultimately recovered. The cook

had made what she thought was horse-radish sauce of aconite root, and had covered the meat with it.

I have told this lamentable story of my friend's death at greater length than was needed for the history of the relic of which he became possessed, and I venture to add to it a note on account of the excellent authority on which it rests. About two months before his death one evening Mr. Mackenzie to his surprise heard a heavy carriage drive up to his house-door, stop for a second or two, and then drive slowly away. He wondered who could have arrived, but as no one was announced, he went downstairs to find out who had come. He found the servant at the open door. He had heard, he said, the sound of wheels, but before he could get to the door the carriage had driven away again. They thought it so strange that they went out with a light to look for the marks of wheels. Next morning Mr. Mackenzie went out again to examine the road, and found his servant doing the same thing, but there was no mark to be seen. This story Mr. Mackenzie told ten days before his death to the Hon. Miss Fraser, now Lady Sausse, on whose authority I give it now. "Oh, you mean my ghost," he said, when asked about it.

To return in earnest to the hand of St. James. Mr. Lewis Mackenzie was succeeded at Findon by his brother, who was not a Catholic; and he, finding the relic and the earlier correspondence with Mr. Scott Murray, allowed the hand of St. James to pass to Mr. Scott Murray on the terms on which Mr. Lewis Mackenzie had acquired it, and it is now carefully preserved in the sacristy of the charming domestic chapel that graces Mr. Scott Murray's house at Danesfield, between Medmenham and Marlow.

Dr. Hooper's executor, the Rev. J. Torriano, when parting with the hand, informed Mrs. Blount that "Dr. Hooper had had it in his possession at least forty years before his death in 1841, and that he always said that it was found in the ruins of Reading Abbey." This would take back the time of its being found to the very beginning of this century; and in the impossibility of now learning any further particulars respecting its discovery, we are naturally led to lay a strong emphasis on the fact that from information derived from the person who knew the most about it, and he an educated and scientific man, the curators of the museum, themselves Protestants, had not hesi-

tated to call it St. James' hand. The paper sent to Mrs. Blount with the hand runs thus :

STATEMENT.

This hand was formerly in the possession of the late John Hooper, Esq., M.D., of Reading, in the county of Berks. It was found in the ruins of Reading Abbey, it is believed in one of the walls, but whether by himself or not, his family cannot now certainly say. At the time of his decease in 1841, he had been possessed of it about forty years, during which time he preserved it with great care, as a relic of peculiar interest.

Signed on behalf of the family,

J. TORRIANO.

Exor. of the late John Hooper, Esq., M.D.

March 31, 1855.

Here, we may hope and believe, we have the great relic that made Reading Abbey famous. It was St. James' Abbey; and it owed its title to the presence in it of what its royal founder Henry the First called "the glorious hand of Blessed James the Apostle." It was his gift to the abbey, and there it remained in honour for four hundred and five years, till in an evil day for Reading, Dr. John London came there as Visitor, sent by Cromwell, Henry the Eighth's Vicar-General. In 1538 he wrote a letter to Cromwell, dated at Reading, the 18th of September, in which he speaks of the relics of the abbey :

I have requyred of my lord abbott the relykes of hys howse, wich he schewyd unto me with gudde will. I have taken an inventory of them, and have lokkyd them upp behynde ther high awlter, and have the key in my keping, and they be always redy at your lordships commandement.

The inventorye off the Relyques off the Howsse off Redyng.

Inprimis, twoo peces off the holye crosse.

Item, saynt James hand.

Item, saynt Phelype stolle.

Item, a bone off Mary Magdelene, with other moo.

Item, saynt Anastasius is hand, with other moo, &c.¹

Hugh Farrington was Abbot of Reading, and as he died the death of a martyr in the year after this letter was written, it is extremely unlikely that he showed his relics to the spoiler with any great "gudde will." We may well suppose that there was some other key of the aumbry behind the high altar, besides

¹ Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries, edited by Thomas Wright. Camden Society, 1843, p. 226.

that given to Dr. London, and that the good abbot succeeded in saving from sacrilege the hand of his patron saint, and placed it in his church wall, there to rest till the storm should be overpast.

Little can Henry the First have thought that the day would come when a King of England would care so little for what he prized so highly. Dugdale gives from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, the letter of King Henry that accompanied the gift, extracted from the Reading Register. The Worcester Chronicle assigns the gift to the year 1133, seven years after Matilda's return to England. The following is a translation of the King's letter.

Henry, King of England and Duke of Normandy, to the Abbot and Convent of Reading, greeting.

Know that the glorious hand of blessed James the Apostle, which the Empress Matilda my daughter gave to me on her return from Germany [*de Alemannia*], I at her request do send to you and give for ever to the Church of Reading: wherefore I command you to receive it with all veneration, and that you and they who come after you take care to show it in the Church of Reading all the honour and reverence that you can, as is due to so great a relic of so great an Apostle.

Leaving for a moment the earlier history of the relic, in order to finish first with English records concerning it, we pass to the reign of Henry the Second. The Empress Matilda had brought with her the crown jewels as well as the hand of St. James from Germany, and I am not aware that any effort was made to recover the crown jewels, but it seems plain that the Emperor Frederic the First tried to induce Matilda's son, Henry the Second, to restore the hand of St. James. At least, in one of his letters to the Emperor we have this brief reply to some remonstrance:

Of the hand of St. James, of which you have written to us, we have put our answer into the mouth of Master Herbert and of William our clerk,—Witness, THOMAS THE CHANCELLOR, at Northampton.

"Thomas the Chancellor," it is needless to say, was Saint Thomas of Canterbury, and he became Chancellor in 1155.

Now, it is curious that Matthew Paris says, under the year 1155, "The hand of St. James was restored to Reading." It would seem that Henry the Second had taken it from Reading for a time, and this would account for the statement of Higden in his Polychronicon, that the hand of St. James was not placed in Reading Abbey till the reign of Henry the Second. There is the further association of St. Thomas with our relic, that,

when he was Archbishop of Canterbury, in the summer of 1163, he consecrated the Abbey Church of St. James at Reading. Henry the Second conferred upon the place the lucrative privilege of an annual fair on St. James' feast and the three following days.

King John before his accession assigned a mark of gold to be paid yearly, on Michaelmas Day, by him and his heirs for ever, to cover the hand of St. James, which had been stripped of its gold covering by King Richard. Henry the Third afterwards changed King John's mark of gold into ten marks of silver.

To pass now from the English to the foreign history of our relic, we may as well at once go back to the first mention of it. We may pass over a story given by the Bollandists in the life of St. Heliodorus, July 3, which they call "a mere fable," respecting certain French bishops who obtained from the Emperor Theodosius the body of St. James, and gave the *right* arm to St. Heliodorus, Bishop of Altino. It may be taken as more historical, as it comes from the Chronicles of the Bishops of Hamburg,² that Paul, Bishop of Altino, a city situated between Padua and Concordia, abandoned his see about the year 640, and accompanied by the Catholic population, sought safety from the barbarian invasion in the island of Torcello. They carried with them the treasure of their Church, the bodies of the Saints Theonistus, Traba, Rabata and Liberalis and the hand of St. James. Severinus the Pope confirmed the transfer of the see of Altino to Torcello in the person of Maurice, the successor of Paul, who had died a month after his arrival in Torcello.

Four hundred years later, in the year 1046, Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen and Bishop of Hamburg, after the election of Pope Clement the Second, returned from Italy bringing with him the hand of St. James, which had been given to him by Vitale Ursiolo, Bishop of Torcello. At the death of Adalbert in 1172, nothing was found in the treasury but his books, his relics and his sacred vestments. These were seized by the Emperor Henry the Fourth, and the hand of St. James was thenceforth kept with the Imperial Regalia, till the death of Henry the Fifth in 1123, when his widow, the Empress Matilda, the daughter of our King Henry the First, and the mother of our Henry the Second, brought it with her to England, as we have already seen.

² M. Adami *Gesta Hammburg. Eccl. Pontif. Lib. iii. cap. 66*, apud Pertz, *Monumenta Germanicæ*, tom. ix.

Roger Hoveden the Chronicler, who lived at the beginning of the thirteenth century, in his account of the hand of St. James makes use of the important word "incorrupt." His statement is as follows:—"The Empress, taking with her the incorrupt hand of blessed James the Apostle and the imperial crown, returned to her father, King Henry, and the King, for joy of the hand of St. James founded the Abbey of Reading, endowed it with much goods, and placed in it the hand of the blessed Apostle James. The imperial crown he put away in his treasury."

The hand of St. James still is incorrupt. It is the left hand, perfectly dry, with the fingers curling forwards, the skin and the nails in excellent preservation. When I first had it in my hand I saw that all the bones of the back of the hand are gone. As the palm is perfect, and the loss of the bones of the back of the hand cannot be seen unless the relic is taken up, I thought that these bones had been removed to be given away as relics. This, however, was not the case. I consulted two eminent surgeons, and I inquired when those bones were removed. They answered me, "At death." I asked, "How do you know that?" The answer was that the skin had dried into the knuckle-holes. There is a little wound on the middle finger that must have been made at death or very soon after.

If the arm was held up to protect the head from the blow of a sword, and the edge of the blade had struck the upraised knuckles and passed through the joints, had then separated the bones of the back of the hand from the palm, and after this, had severed the wrist by passing through the joint, wrenching and tearing the sinews from the inner arm, the amputated hand would be in exactly the condition of our relic. Was this what happened to St. James? The words leap up at once into the memory from the Acts of the Apostles, "Herod killed James the brother of John with the sword."³

From the state of the hand we can come, with some probability, to form a theory why the hand is not with the body of the Apostle. We are led naturally to the conjecture that as the bearers of the body of St. James were on their way through Italy to Compostella in Spain, where it was to find its famous resting place, they had with them the detached hand which had been cut off in the act of martyrdom. This they had it in their power to give away, and perhaps with this precious gift they rewarded the hospitality they received somewhere as they passed through Lombardy.

³ Acts xii. 2.

One thing is inconsistent with this theory. At Torcello there still exists a reliquary in the form of a silver arm—the left arm, by the way, and the hand at Danesfield is the left. There is an opening in the reliquary to show the bone of the arm, but there is no indication whether the silver hand is empty. The inscription on the reliquary is BRACHIUM SANTI IACHOBI ZEBEDEI I TEPORE SANT FRAC¹ ADREA^s BUBDOLO. I cannot conjecture the meaning of the words “in tempore Sancti Francisci,” nor can I be sure of the name of the donor. Below this name are three shields, not very distinguishable, though one seems to bear a castle.

Thinking it possible that the body of St. James at Compostella might be accessible, I wrote in 1852 to the Archbishop, asking whether either hand was with the other relics of the Apostle, and in what condition or state the body was. His answer, dated October 1, 1852, was that “the tomb of St. James the Apostle is placed under the high altar of this Metropolitan Church. Tradition says that once there was a way to it by subterraneous passages, but now that way is entirely closed. It is also said that a long time ago some persons, moved by the desire of seeing the body of the Apostle, tried to penetrate to it privately, and suffered the penalty of their temerity. Be the truth what it may of these popular rumours, it is certain that the body of the Apostle now cannot be seen, so that it is impossible that any comparison can be made.”

In 1879, learning from the newspapers that it was believed that the body of St. James had been found, I wrote again to the Cardinal Archbishop, but the only answer received was that further investigation was needed. If no light comes from Santiago, and it does not seem that we are to expect it, we are left to our own independent tradition. All that we could ask from the famous sanctuary in Spain would be the information whether there is any impossibility in our story. Failing this, we are free to accept our English tradition, which makes no reference whatever to the Sanctuary of Compostella, or as the Spaniards prefer to call it from our Saint their Patron, Santiago. This at least we may conclude, that we have a strong probability, as strong perhaps as that on which the authenticity of many relics of very great antiquity can rest, that we have in our midst the famous relic that our fathers venerated for centuries as the hand of St. James the Greater, the brother of St. John, the son of Zebedee.

JOHN MORRIS.

Reviews and Short Notices.

I.—HISTORY OF HERESY.¹

"THERE must needs be heresies" (1 Cor. xi. 49) is the motto which the author prefixes to his volume, where, of course, the kind of necessity is precisely that which our Lord asserts with regard to the occurrence of scandals, and which does not at all deny that the abuse of human liberty is the cause of such evils. True to the Apostle's prediction, error, in many forms, has always run its course by the side of the development of the orthodox belief. In the earliest ages, it is Gnosticism that chiefly arrests the attention of the historian. Our principal authorities on the Gnostic sects are St. Irenæus, the author of the *Philosophumena* (who often copies Irenæus), St. Philastrius, St. Epiphanius, Theodoret, and St. John Damascene, who all have left us a list of the heresies down to their own times. Still, in spite of these sources of information, the student must not be surprised if, on looking into various ecclesiastical histories, he finds it hard to discover two wholly consentient accounts of the several systems. The fact is, that heresy is never very well defined; and if, living in the midst of Protestants, we could not pretend to give *the* one Protestant creed, still less can we expect to define the one Basilidian, Valentinian, or Marcionite doctrine. Hence we should read descriptions of these various sects pretty much as we read histories of early Greek philosophies, with the conviction that no very great accuracy or completeness is attainable, partly because there was never anything very fixed and determinate to chronicle, and partly because chronicles are scanty.

One temptation that would occur to a man wading, for the first time, through the hopeless morass of Gnostic territory, would be to give up the exploration in disgust. What can be the use of plodding on over such muddy tracts, only to flounder

¹ *Histoire et Filiation des Hérésies*. Par l'Abbé Morère. Paris: Libraire H. Oudin, 51, Rue Bonaparte.

more and more desperately with each attempt at a step forward. Certainly the way is very weary and very dreary. Still there is much instruction to be gathered *en route* by one who can gather sermons, not only out of stones, but even out of the Serbonian bog. Though this age seems rather Agnostic than Gnostic, its principles are often illustrated in Gnosticism. To Gnostic principles may be traced the chief heresies of all times. If, because of the element of Christianity they retained, we may call them heretics, then Neoplatonists, Manichees, Priscillianists, Paulicians, Bulgari, Bogomiles, Albigenses, and Waldenses are all connected with the family of which Simon Magus is reckoned the patriarch. Luther and Calvin in their ideas of an essentially and physically corrupt nature, of a will without freedom, of sin which is contracted without moral agency and forgiven without being taken away, of a justification which is only a special kind of knowledge about the Redeemer—in all these notions the twin Reformers are repeating Gnostic sentiments. Not that an actual borrowing of doctrine is always necessary. The errors are often such as are characteristically human, and any depraved mind may originate them for itself.

The root of Gnosticism is pride. It lays claim on behalf of a select few to a great dignity, whilst it despises the commonalty, and gives over this less favoured portion of humanity to degradation. The Gnostic is of a higher nature; his being is more spiritual; he is nearer to the Highest Entity, if he does not partake actually of the same substance. Gnostics are they who truly *know*, and this mere knowledge, according to some sects, suffices to make them holy. They are an esoteric body, like the priests of Egypt, the Magi of Persia, the Brahmins of India. Thus they are in sharp contrast to Judaism, where it has not been perverted by the Cabalistic or the Alexandrian schools, and still more to Christianity, in which there reigns a perfect equality, except so far as God's free gifts and man's free cooperation have established legitimate inequalities. Yet these latter differences always leave one symbol of faith, one sacrifice, and one system of sacraments for all alike.

The next characteristic we may notice about Gnosticism is the manner in which it sways about from extreme to extreme. Here passions were to be indulged, there they were to be destroyed even to their roots; here wine and flesh-meat were forbidden even up to the point of causing Mass to be celebrated with water, there the appetites were to have their cravings; here

even marriage was condemned, there promiscuous intercourse was allowed, and nameless orgies were encouraged; here the Gnosis made harmless the grossest material uses, there even the "simple creature" water was impure, and people had to wash their own persons as we see cats do; here, in fine, was the excess of asceticism, there the excess of abandonment to licentious wickedness, in which Cain, the Sodomites, and other objects of abhorrence in Scripture, were worshipped, while Abel, Abraham, and the just men of the Old Law were held in dishonour.

It was some personal crime that determined the career of certain of the Gnostic leaders. Marcion was guilty of a seduction; he was excommunicated, fled to Rome, and there, still meeting with severity, he said he would tear mercilessly the unity of the Church, and so he did. The story of Theodotus, the tanner, is somewhat similar. He denied Christ in the persecution, and disguise afterwards proved ineffectual to shelter him from reproach amongst the Christian body; so he denied Christ in earnest, making Him to be only human.

These are a few illustrations of the spirit of heresy as found in the first ages. The like examples are to be gathered from the heresies of succeeding times, as those may see who will carefully read the pages of the author whom we are now commending to their notice. The work, perhaps, will be mainly useful for purposes of reference; but it may be read right through just to gain a general idea as to how the course of heresy has lain throughout the ages of Christianity.

2.—THE ART OF THINKING WELL.¹

The claim which Balmez had to give us a treatise on the art of thinking was, that he was a great and well-disciplined thinker himself. Being endowed with splendid faculties, he neither let them lie idle, nor spoiled them by an ill-regulated activity. He read much, and at the same time he meditated much. "When studying," says Dr. M'Donald, "he leaned over the table resting his head on his arms," not, perhaps, the healthiest position, but let that pass. "As soon as he had read

¹ *The Art of Thinking Well.* By the Rev. J. Balmez. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. W. M'Donald, D.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 50, Upper Sackville Street. 1882.

a little, he rolled his head in his cloak," a part of the ceremony which others may omit, "and thus he spent a considerable time as if lost in thought" (p. 15). Far from being content with what seems the goal of many writers, namely, to start a number of "pleasant conceits," and to record the most remarkable of their passing "moods," he was ever earnestly bent on seeking truth in those fields, which it is most necessary for man to explore. And to aid him in this pursuit there was the fact that he was leading a holy life, being a priest strictly faithful to his high vocation. His career ended early; but its days had been full days, and their close found Balmez in the happy condition of one whose span of existence had not been travelled over in vain, but with rich fruits gathered for himself, for those who could understand his native Spanish, and for others of varied nations, into whose several languages his works have been translated.

The style of the present volume is adapted to the ordinary intelligence, which has not gone through a rigorous course of philosophy. Many of the truths propounded are conveyed by fables, by dramatic action, or by historical incidents. Perpetually the author turns from abstract discussion to concrete example. Indeed he openly expresses his dread of overdoing system.

The art of thinking well [he says] does not interest philosophers only, but the simplest people also. . . . It is learned rather by examples than by rules. We may well compare the man who should try to teach it by force of precepts and analytical observations to one who should employ the same method to teach children to walk or talk. I do not, however, condemn all rules; but I do hold that they should be employed sparingly, with little philosophical pretension, and, above all, in a simple, practical way, the example ever accompanying the rule (pp. 79, 80).

It is needful thus not to overlook the use of system while deprecating its abuse; else the very false notion might be given, that a philosophy is impossible, a consequence of which would be, that natural certitude itself would be undermined. As instancing error by excess take the following important sentences—

Great thinkers run the risk of falling into learned manias—sublime illusions; for miserable humanity, no matter what different forms it assumes in the various situations of life, always carries about with it the patrimony of debility (p. 106).

Again—

Even in matters in which the imagination and sentiment have no place, it is well to guard against the mania of putting the mind in a vice, and screwing it up to a fixed method, when from its own peculiar character, or the subject it is engaged on, it requires liberty and expansion. It cannot be denied that analysis, or the decomposition of ideas, is of wonderful use in cases requiring clearness and precision; but we should not forget that things are, for the greater part, *an aggregate*, and the best way to perceive them is to take in at a glance the parts of which they are composed, and their different relations. A machine taken asunder shows the parts which constitute it with more distinctness and minuteness; but their object is not so well understood till they have been put up in their place, and we see how each one contributes to the total movement. By force of decomposing, prescinding, and analyzing, Condillac and his followers find nothing in man but sensations; by pursuing an opposite course Descartes and Malebranche discover almost nothing but pure ideas—a refined spiritualism (pp. 177, 178).

The passages just quoted treat of a matter in which it is hard to do justice to one side without doing injustice to the other. And with regard to Balmez, while approving much what he says, we must confess that, if not so much in the volume now under review, at least in his *Fundamental Philosophy*, he does lay down principles which seem fatal to the scientific basis of certitude. We might instance the account he gives of our conviction, that a chance throwing out of the type will not produce a long poem.

As to the translator's part, he has been careful to aim at idiomatic English. He prefixes to the work a Life of the author, founded partly on personal intercourse, partly on the information of those who were more familiar with the Spanish philosopher. A knowledge of the writer's history is nearly always a help to the understanding of his works: in some cases, of course, more than in others. For forming a literary appreciation, we all know how strongly Saint Beuve insisted on a knowledge of the author's person, position, and general characteristics.

Finally, if the reader should ask what we can promise him from a perusal of *The Art of Thinking Well*? we reply: Not so much a store of truths, with which you were previously unacquainted, as a clear statement of principles, which it is very needful for you to have constantly in mind, and the bringing out of results which stare you in the face, but which,

perhaps, you fail to see. This last point forms a great part of instruction, and we conclude with an illustration of our meaning taken from Balmez :

Many truths are not difficult in themselves, and yet they occur to none but men of talent. When these latter point them out, every one sees they are so clear, so simple, so obvious, that the wonder is they were not seen before. . . . Every mathematician knows the properties of arithmetical and geometrical progressions ; that the exponent of 1 was 0 ; of 10, 1 ; of 100, 2, and so on ; and that the exponent of numbers between 1 and 10 was a fraction ; but no one saw that this could be made an instrument of so various and advantageous uses as are the tables of logarithms. Napier said, "Here it is ;" and then every mathematician saw it at once as it was, a most simple thing (pp. 212, 214).

3.—ONE OF THE GREATEST OF MEDIEVAL LATIN POETS.¹

The Canons Regular of the Abbey of St. Victor in Paris could, in the twelfth century, point to three great and holy men whose renown was to perpetuate the varied lore and the very name of their monastery. The Saxon, Hugh of St. Victor, by his immense learning and his breadth of view prepared the way for the great encyclopedia of Vincent de Beauvais. But deeply versed as he was in asceticism, Hugh was here surpassed by his disciple Richard, in whom Scotland can boast of a prince among the mystics of the Church.

The main facts in the lives of these monks are tolerably well-known. Not so with Richard's contemporary, Adam of St. Victor. Scarcely anything is known of his life except that it was spent holily in the abbey. Even most of his beautiful hymns remained unnoticed from the date of the French Revolution (when the MSS. of the monastery were carried off) until Gautier some thirty years ago discovered forty-eight of these poems in the National Library of the Louvre, collected others from various sources, and finally swelled to one hundred and fourteen the thirty-seven which Clichtoue had been the first to publish in print in 1517.

The entire collection is now for the first time done into English verse by the Rev. Digby Wrangham. The simple,

¹ *The Liturgical Poetry of Adam of St. Victor*, with translations into English, by Digby S. Wrangham, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford, Vicar of Darrington, Yorkshire. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., 1881.

half-parchment binding, the crisp, ribbed paper, and the clean-cut flawless type are in Mr. Kegan Paul's best style—a fit setting for a string of gems. The translator's Preface and Introduction are remarkable for sound scholarship and for the modesty of real worth. Like the engravers in the Christmas magazines who glory not in originality but in fidelity, his highest aim is to render every beat of rhythm and every shade of meaning. The ever-changing metre and the wealth of leonine, caudate, and interlaced rhymes, which are, moreover, generally double, together with the exactness of their author's theological lore, make the task extremely difficult. Adequately to express in a "consonant ridden" language, poor in double rhymes, the sweet rich vowel tones, the "liquid rush of rhyme," the rhymes which were never dreamt of by Catullus or Virgil, and which this "Schiller of the Middle Ages" raised into energising life from the dead bones of Latinity, is, assuredly, no mean achievement.

How well the translator has succeeded may be seen from the following extracts. We give, as he does, the Latin and the English face to face.

From the first Sequence for St. Stephen's Day, vol. i. p. 178.

Pro corona non marcenti	For that crown's unfading dower
Prefer brevis vim tormenti !	Choose to bear brief torture's power ;
Te manet victoria.	There awaits thee victory !
Tibi fiet mors natalis,	Death new birth for thee portendeth,
Tibi poena terminalis	And its pain which quickly endeth,
Dat vitæ primordia.	Is the dawn of life to thee.

De Beata Virgine in Tempore Epiphaniæ, vol. iii. p. 92.

Auro Regem venerantes,	Gold, the Monarch venerating ;
Thure Deum designantes,	Incense, Godhead indicating ;
Myrrha mortem memorantes,	Myrrh, His death commemorating,
Sacro docti Flamine.	By the Spirit led, they bring.

St. Lawrence, vol. ii. p. 155.

Primis datum	'Mid the blazing
Admiremur,	Conflagration,
Laureatum	Wondering, praising,
Veneremur	Veneration
Laudibus Laurentium ;	Pay we Lawrence, laurel-crowned ;
Veneremur	Awe-struck bowing,
Cum tremore	Venerate him ;
Deprecemur	Our love showing,
Cum amore	Supplicate him,
Martyrem egregium,	As a martyr most renowned.
Accusatus	They indict him,—
Non negavit ;	He denies not ;
Sed pulsatus	When they smite him,
Resultavit	He replies but
In tubis ductilibus,	In the tone soft organs raise :
Cum in poenis	'Mid flames, playing
Voto plenis	Round him, praying,
Exsultaret	He rejoices,
Et sonaret	And his voice is
In divinis laudibus.	Lifted to his Maker's praise.

The Latin alone of such hymns is a treasure; the English version will, we are confident, make them favourably known to many who would otherwise never have met with them. The translator deserves the highest praise for the honest manly way in which he strives faithfully to render all Adam of St. Victor's dogmatic teaching. As an Anglican Vicar he naturally disclaims entire adhesion to each and every one of the monk's Catholic sentiments; but nothing could be more reverential than his tone even in this disclaimer. His notes greatly enhance the value of these three volumes. We thank him for a work, which throughout its course attains to a high degree of literary excellence, and shows a keen appreciation of the genius of the Latin original and considerable poetical talent in reproducing its finished beauty.

4—ANTHROPOLOGY.¹

Anthropology can hardly be called a science in the strict sense of the word. It holds a rather loosely defined position in the middle ground between science and history, and takes its data and its methods of research from both. It deals with such questions as those of man's origin and place in nature, his age on earth, his primitive condition, and the causes which have modified both himself and his surroundings, and produced the present races of men with their various states of culture. There are indeed few questions as to man which are not directly or indirectly brought within the range of this new branch of study, and it must be evident that it is no easy task to write a book which within a moderate space would trace the main outlines of so wide a subject, and to do this with sufficient detail to supply a basis for further reading. This is what Mr. Tylor has attempted in the little volume before us. The book has had a decided success, and it will be, we have no doubt, a very popular one for some time to come especially with young students. We are sorry that we cannot join in the general chorus of praise with which it has been welcomed. Taking the book as a whole, we are disappointed with it. Mr. Tylor has allowed his own peculiar views to shape and colour his whole treatment of his subject to such an extent, that the little book is rather an

¹ *Anthropology*. An Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization. By Edward B. Tylor, D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co., 1881.

introduction to his own well known works on early life and civilization, than to the study as a whole. We do not mean to say that we ever expected Mr. Tylor to keep his own views in the background. We should have raised no objection to his stating them as theories which had been proposed as an outline of man's early history. What we do object to is that the special form of evolution to which he has given his adhesion is throughout stated as the one theory of the science, to the almost complete exclusion of every other, whether evolutionist or non-evolutionist. This is especially noticeable in the chapter entitled "The Spirit World," which is really little more than a summary of the chapters on animism in *Primitive Culture*. Now this kind of thing is out of place in a book designed to give a young student his first ideas of a science. Such a work, especially a work on a subject like anthropology, should aim rather at giving a clear idea of the various methods of research that can be brought to bear upon each branch of the science, stating certain things as matters of observation, without confusing theories with observed facts, or giving undue prominence to one or other class of facts for the sake of a favourite theory. Theories must be stated as theories, clearly distinguishing between those on which there is a general agreement and those which are advocated by some writers, but challenged by others who have a different solution of the question to propose. Such a book would not be as easy reading as Mr. Tylor's, but it would supply a much more satisfactory foundation for future work.

Wherever Mr. Tylor keeps to the ground of fact and observation, we have little fault to find with him, except in so far as undue stress is laid on certain points. We must especially praise the excellent series of illustrations, which are not mere ornaments to the book, but are a very material help to the reader. The series of race types engraved from photographs are a decided advance on the strange caricatures that used to illustrate even more ambitious books not many years ago. But it is when he theorizes on his facts that Mr. Tylor breaks down: there is a strange confusion of thought, verging at times on self-contradiction, and a lamentable want of clearness.

Most questions in anthropology are still open ones, but there is one which may be taken as settled, that is the question of the unity of our race. If anthropologists have proved anything, they have proved this. Mr. Tylor brings the fact out very clearly in his opening pages, though of course he could not

within his narrow limits produce all the evidence available on this point. Even here, however, there is some confusion. "It must not be supposed," he says, "that such differences as between an Englishman and a Gold Coast negro are due to slight variations of breed. On the contrary, they are of such zoological importance as to have been compared with the differences between animals which naturalists reckon distinct species, as between the brown bear with its rounded forehead and the polar bear with its whitish fur and long, flattened skull" (p. 7). We can only ask what is the exact sense of the word *species* here. When we say that it is certain that men are of one species, we mean that there is no such thing as hybridity among them, and that consequently we may consider all the various races as varieties derived from one pair of ancestors. Thus the special difference which is necessary to constitute a species is not found in comparing the races of men, mere external appearance being no guide, and being by itself insufficient even to separate the polar bear and the brown bear of the example.

As to man's age on earth, we may grant at once that anthropologists have fairly proved that such short chronologies as that of Usher must be given up, and the reckoning of the years "before Christ" carried back somewhat beyond the traditional limits still to be found in the tables at the end of our Bibles (though not in the Bibles themselves). But on this point Mr. Tylor is a little inclined to exaggerate, or at least to present a very one-sided view. All his arguments point to a vast antiquity for the human race; now men perfectly well qualified to form an opinion on the subject hold that on purely scientific grounds such an antiquity is inadmissible. We cannot go into the argument here. We can only note two points which it is well to keep in view. First, that the argument for giving the human race an antiquity of forty, fifty, or a hundred thousand years, proceeds upon the assumption that all the causes of change at present in operation have always been what they now are, an assumption which is not merely perfectly gratuitous, but in open contradiction with some of the clearest results of modern physics. Secondly, that there has been of late a considerable shortening of most of the Oriental chronologies, and a remarkable accumulation of evidence for the fact that so-called barbarous conditions of life (*e.g.*, the use of flint weapons) have lasted in most countries far into historical times. As yet there

are no reliable data for fixing the era of man's creation, but it is tolerably safe to say that as matters stand at present there is no need of adding very largely to the received age of our race, though some such addition must be made.

In most cases the claim to an exaggerated antiquity for man is really put forward in the interest of some evolutionist theory. Mr. Tylor's own view of early history is that of a development of all the arts of life in a long succession of ages, beginning with a period of speechless, or all but speechless, savagery. Much of his book is devoted to showing "how man may have advanced from savagery to civilization." He holds that we have evidence for this, but he grants that "there is no such evidence available for crossing the mental gulf that divides the lowest savage from the highest ape" (p. 54), and he adds that the human mind has "wide ranges of thought and feeling which the beast mind shows no sign of approaching." Yet he devotes some space to the effort to show that the "beast mind" is not radically different from ours, he attacks some of the accepted criteria of difference, and with Max Müller seems to regard the possession of language as the only one of any value. Yet he does not seem to see that even this, coupled with the admission as to the mental gulf between the savage and the ape, is fatal to the development theory of man's origin. This theory, however, obviously underlies his assumption that man's career began in abject savagery. We call it an assumption, for although it forms the key-note of the book, we look in vain for any attempt to prove it. Yet every fact we know about savagery is perfectly consistent with the theory that the savage state is not the childhood of a race, but its decrepitude, not the starting-point in an upward career, but the result of centuries of degradation. Not long ago this would have been met with an assertion like that made by Sir John Lubbock in his work on *Prehistoric Times*, that there is no proof of degradation, but within the last few years abundant proof of degradation has come to hand, notably in the case of the Polynesian races. Mr. Tylor himself admits this. We have said that the degradation theory as to savagery is as consistent with known facts as Mr. Tylor's theory of the development of civilization. In saying this we state our position at a minimum. There is no need of proving more than this; but really it is not difficult to show that man, had he begun his career as a speechless savage, would never have made any progress at all.

Mr. Tylor's development theory assumes its least inviting aspect in his chapter on the "Spirit World," in which he lays it down that all man's religious ideas arose from his savage ancestors supposing they had a soul because they saw the shapes of other men in dreams even after the man was dead. The only legitimate deduction from this chapter is that Mr. Tylor would have us believe that all religion beyond a kind of philosophic morality is superstition. Those who have read *Primitive Culture* will know the main drift of the argument. The whole chapter is the reverse of clear, he continually misinterprets the facts. For example, he says: "The Nicaraguans, when questioned by the Spaniards as to their religion, said that when a man or woman dies, there comes out of their mouths something that resembles a person and does not die, but the body remains here—it is not exactly the heart that goes above, but the breath that comes from their mouth and is called the life" (pp. 344, 345). And he adds: "The lower races sometimes avoid such confusion of thoughts as this." The confusion is evidently partly the work of the Spanish interpreters, but mainly the result of Mr. Tylor's failure to grasp the matter of fact principle that all nations and all men, from Isaias or Aristotle to a Nicaraguan Indian or an English Professor, must talk of the world of spirits in terms drawn from that of sense, but so clearly set apart to represent a purely intellectual idea that if the mind dwells on the original sense concept which they, according to their etymology, express, it is conscious that it has descended to a lower order of thought. We know that the "spirit does but mean the breath," so far as the radical meaning of the word is concerned, but we are equally conscious and clearly conscious that we have set the word apart to express a higher idea. Yes, rejoins Mr. Tylor, but even this term is but a relic of the savage stage of thought (p. 345). We can only reply that it is curious that even savages at the present day are able to point out the difference between the concrete and lower, and the higher and as it were figurative use of such terms. Mr. Tylor's remarks about possession are neither logical nor in very good taste. We presume he would treat all the instances of possession in the New Testament as cases of epilepsy. He sneers at "Spanish priests" for believing in possession. These same priests would tell him that men do often mistake disease for possession, that nevertheless there is such a thing as possession, that it may be associated with this

or that disease in a particular case, but that epilepsy is not possession any more than possession is epilepsy. And perhaps the "Spanish priest" would surprise Mr. Tylor by agreeing with him that in a case of epilepsy his favourite *potassium bromide* should be used, and not an exorcism.

Our space will not allow us to deal further with the details of Mr. Tylor's book. Its character of an educational work makes it doubly regrettable that it should be so thoroughly penetrated with the spirit that tries to explain man's being without taking account of his soul, and the destinies of his race without reference to a Creator or a Divine Providence.

5.—OUR FRIENDS THE EARTH-WORMS.¹

The recently published work of the eminent naturalist, Charles Darwin, teaches us many curious facts concerning the earth-worm, its habits, and its services to man. He has carefully observed these little creatures for half a century ; not only watching them in their native haunts, but keeping them in pots in his study, and by marvellous patience and ingenuity discovering their habits and modes of action. His book imparts a most useful lesson of patient investigation and its invaluable results, in addition to its scientific teaching.

The body of a good sized earth-worm contains from one to two hundred rings, almost cylindrical, each surrounded by bristles, its muscular system is well developed, it has a mouth and something which corresponds to the proboscis in many insects, it has a gizzard and some calciferous glands—being in this respect unique—and these glands perform an important part in the process of digestion. Worms have no jaws or teeth, and they breathe through their skin, and their nervous system is fairly developed. Mr. Darwin discovered, by a series of most interesting experiments, that though they have no eyes, they are sensitive to light, and are capable of distinguishing night from day. They have no faculty of hearing, but they are extremely sensitive to vibrations amongst solid objects. Their sense of smell is very feeble, and is only affected by certain odours. Of all the senses, that of touch—including in this term the perception of a vibration—seems to be the most developed,

¹ *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of Worms.* With observations on their habits. By Charles Darwin, F.R.S. London : Murray.

though Mr. Darwin thinks that they are not so sensitive to pain when mutilated, as their writhing would appear to indicate. Earth-worms are also fairly endowed with the sense of taste, and have their decided preferences with regard to food. Though they are omnivorous they live chiefly on half decayed leaves; they are fond of cabbage leaves, and make nice distinctions between the different sorts, and have a decided weakness for onions; they prefer raw fat to any other kind of meat, especially if fresh.

Little can be said of their mental qualities, though Mr. Darwin states that he has detected traces of social feeling; they are often found lying in contact, and are not disturbed by crawling over each other's bodies, though they frequently most unsocially pass the winter rolled together in balls at the bottom of their burrows. But blind as they are, and generally limited in their powers, yet they use these limited powers to very good purpose. In preparing their burrows they display a skill which works in accordance with the great laws by which birds construct their nests. Their burrows run down perpendicularly or a little obliquely. They are generally lined with a fine dark-coloured earth which has passed through the body of the worms. These burrows are mere excavations, but resemble tunnels lined with cement; the entrances are also usually lined with leaves, and the worms drag into them numbers of dead leaves and other parts of plants, partly for the sake of plugging the burrows and partly as food. The more luxurious of them even coat the mouths of their burrows to keep their bodies from contact with the cold damp earth.

The leaves which they have dragged in as food are—after being partially digested and saturated with their intestinal secretions—commingled with more earth, and this forms the dark-coloured, rich humus (the brown or black powder of the soil) which, to so large an extent, covers the surface of the land with a layer or mantle. During the heat of the summer, and the extreme cold of winter, they bury themselves at some distance from the surface and rest from work. The night is their period of activity, when they issue from their burrows, generally keeping their tails—which they have a power of extending—fixed in the burrows, and making use of some short, slightly deflected bristles, with which their bodies are armed, in such a way that they cannot be dragged out of the ground without pulling them in pieces.

Earth-worms have played a considerable part in the burial and concealment of many Roman and other ancient buildings. Coins, gold ornaments, stone implements, and other articles which had been dropped on the surface of the ground, being in a few years buried by the castings of the worms, and thus safely preserved until at some future time the land was turned up. Even the floors, and other remains of many ancient buildings in England, have been effectually buried, chiefly through the action of worms, as only to have been accidentally discovered of late, as at Chinger, Brading, Chedworth, and Beaulieu Abbey (destroyed by Henry the Eighth), where the floors of the old halls and passages have sunk, partly through the settling of the ground, but chiefly from the undermining of the foundations by earth-worms.

On the other hand, the most recent discovery attributes to their agency the propagation of some fatal diseases, especially of "charbon," a disease which has recurred in its deadliest form among sheep feeding on pasture where sheep had been buried after a similar plague ten years before. The carcasses had been interred ten or twelve feet below the surface, but M. Pasteur found in earth-worms a probable means of the conveyance of the poison germs, and by a series of experiments verified the fact.

The great work of the earth-worms has, however, been far more extensive and beneficial than has been hitherto recognized. It is ascertained that each earth-worm found in English soil passes through its body an average of twenty ounces of matter in the course of a year, or brings that quantity of earth to the surface, and there deposits it, but it is brought up in a very different form from that in which it existed before passing through the body of the worm. In the first place, the particles of earth are finely powdered in the gizzard of the worm and interpenetrated with the fibrous parts of the leaves on which it feeds, and with which it lines its burrows, so that the mould which results is what we may call vegetable mould, a substance far more valuable to farmers and gardeners than the raw earth on which the worm begins to act.

According to Mr. Darwin, worms are extraordinarily numerous in damp climates. For their size they possess great muscular power; it is calculated that in many parts of England a weight of ten tons of dry earth in each acre of land annually passes through their bodies and is brought to the

surface, so that in the course of a few years the whole superficial layer of vegetable mould is passed through them. From the collapsing of their old burrows the mould is in constant, though slow, movement, and the particles composing it are thus rubbed together, and by these means fresh surfaces are continually exposed to the action of carbonic acid, and of the soluble acids in the soil, which decompose the surfaces of stones or rocks. Moreover the particles of the softer rocks are triturated in the muscular gizzard of worms in which very minute stones serve as millstones.

The smoothness of the wide turf-covered expanse (on which so much of its beauty depends) is mainly due to its inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms. The plough is one of the most ancient and most useful of man's inventions, but long before man was created the land was prepared for his service by the regular unintermitting ploughing of these indefatigable creatures who still continue their useful work. The amount of work accomplished seems incredible when we remember that only twenty ounces can be passed through a worm's body in one year, but it is calculated that there are at the least from twenty to thirty thousand worms in every acre of British earth suitable for their activity, and there are thirty-two million millions of such acres in Great Britain. If ten tons of earth pass through their bodies in each acre, three hundred and twenty million millions of tons of mould must be brought up by them to the surface of this island in each year, and when this is multiplied by the many thousand years in which the work has been going on, the amount of what the earth-worms have accomplished in the formation of vegetable mould can hardly be exaggerated, for Darwin also gives irresistible evidence that the whole of the superficial layer of the soil of this country has been passed many times, and continues to be passed through the bodies of worms, and has been triturated and combined in a way which no mechanical or chemical appliances of ours can rival in its adaptation to the purpose of producing vegetable mould.

Thus we learn that ages before man appeared upon earth, the soil from which his food was to be produced was being crumbled into the finest particles, and changes effected in its chemical constitution by the agency of these lowly creatures (who creep in vast, uncounted numbers on the surface of the world), which have adapted it to the growth of the richer products required for the nourishment of beings of higher organiza-

tion. Hence it is clear that the benefit conferred on the human race by the work of the earth-worm is infinitely greater than that accruing to the worm itself by that work, for the larger the quantity of earth passed through the worm in proportion to the nourishment it appropriates, the greater is the benefit which is conferred on the world generally, and the greater the amount of ploughing done by the earth-worm, the more the soil is chemically improved by its agency. Whereas the less work the worm has to do, to procure adequate nourishment for itself, the better would be its chance of obtaining that nourishment, and of multiplying its species. It appears too that the gizzard—that part of the essential structure of earth-worms in which the earth is powdered by being crushed up with the minute stones swallowed for this purpose—is provided solely for the execution of this extra work, and is not to be found in other varieties which live in mud or water, and feed entirely on dead or living matter without having to grind down an enormous proportion of innutritious soil, only to extract the very minute particles of organic matter which may possibly be contained therein.

Strange to say, the earth-worm would find a much richer supply of the nourishment adapted to its own need upon the surface of the ground, without passing through its mill so much of what is in relation to its own wants only waste, for the sake of so small a proportion of food.

The instinct of the earth-worm appears to guide it to a course of life which has its end chiefly, not in the good of the creature who does the work, but in the good of other and higher beings, who did not exist upon the earth until it had been prepared for them. Ages of this pulverization were required to pierce the crumbings and to bring up successive layers of richer and richer mould, not for the use of these little insects only, but for the ultimate good of man.

The earth-worms are the ploughs by which through successive ages the earth was being prepared to yield abundantly, long before we or our harvests had been conceived, except in the mind of the Eternal Wisdom Who seems to have been providing for the good of ages yet unborn, even by the labours of the poor despised earth-worm.

We will only add that if any of our readers desire to know more about earth-worms, they cannot do better than study Mr. Darwin's learned and interesting book.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE present season has produced some remarkable *Éditions de luxe* at Paris. One of the best of them is *La Terre Sainte*, by V. Guerin (Plon et Cie), which we shall notice next month. Another which is most copiously and elegantly illustrated by chromo-lithographs, portraits, and engravings, is the *Histoire du Gentil Seigneur Bayard*, the noblest seigneur of ancient chivalry and the pattern of that highest and truest courage, which exists only where it is united with religion.

There is something touching in the appearance of an account¹ of the Ecoles Apostoliques, which the devoted Fathers of the Society of Jesus who formerly conducted them in France have carried with them from their ungrateful country into their exile in England. The little brochure begins with telling how, as the author was writing its last pages, one of the boys entered his room and told him he had just encountered two lines in Ovid which reminded him of his Jesuit master and the pamphlet he was writing—

Parve (nec invideo), sine me, liber, ibis in Urbem :
Hei mihi ! quo domino non licet ire tuo.

The Roman poet was writing not for himself alone, but for exiles far worthier than himself, men who love their country far more than Ovid did, but in their separation from her have a source of joy and consolation that the author of the *Elegies* knew not. Among these consolations we feel sure that these good Fathers rejoice in having around them the happy children who form their apostolic little family. We too in England and Ireland are happy in having them among us, and in sharing the blessing their good work brings with it. We hope ere long to give in the MONTH an account of this good work little familiar to Englishmen. We are sorry that the pamphlet before us is printed for private circulation only. But if any of our readers wish to know more about schools which well deserve the name

¹ *Œuvre des Ecoles Apostoliques*, fondée et dirigée par les Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus. Abbeville, 1882.

of Apostolic, we feel sure that the good Fathers at St. Joseph's College, Littlehampton, will be glad to send them a copy. They will find here a simple, unvarnished account of a work well deserving of the generous charity of all Christian Englishmen.

A strange feature of modern "civilization" is the Anti-Semitic Agitation, which recalls the worst scenes of times when there prevailed a recklessness of life and a hatred of race for race which modern culture boasts to have subdued. Vain and futile is its boast. The modern spirit is powerful enough to crush out the enthusiasm of faith, but is utterly feeble against the false zeal of fanaticism and the prejudices of the selfish mob. The cruel persecution of the Jews in Russia, Germany, and other European countries, is not merely a relic of days gone by, but is an outbreak of that spirit of narrow bigotry which nothing but the Church of God is able to subdue or hold in check. It is not in Catholic Austria or Spain that this hatred of Israel has broken out, but in Protestant Germany and anti-Papal Russia. England is always ready to come to the rescue of the oppressed, and we shall see ere long a noble list of subscriptions which will console the poor Jews for their murdered friends and outraged women and children, but it will be too late to hinder the barbarous massacres, the details of which, as given in a pamphlet reprinted from the *Times*,² are harrowing and terrible.

Father Anderdon is an excellent controversialist. There is always a fairness and a sort of gentlemanlike tone, even in his sharpest attack on error, which wins the opponent, while at the same time there is a persuasive clearness which carries conviction with it. In a little pamphlet just published³ he boldly takes up a number of "posers" put to him by an anonymous Protestant correspondent, and gives a definite answer to them such as would satisfy any reasonable inquirer. Among these questions are, "According to what standard is the Roman Catholic Church the only one that is right? Is the Holy Ghost given to no denomination except the Roman Catholic denomination?" &c. For Father Anderdon's answers, and the ingenious way in which he turns the tables on his questioner, we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself.

The record of Father Law's early life⁴ bears on every page the impress of a father's love for a beloved son, of

² *Persecution of the Jews in Russia in 1881.* London: Spottiswoode and Co.

³ *Answers and Questions: and Questions answered.* London: Burns and Oates.

⁴ *A Memoir of the Life and Death of the Rev. Father Augustus Henry Law, S.F.* Part I. London: Burns and Oates, 1882.

whom he has, indeed, just cause to be fondly proud. It consists almost entirely of boyish letters, describing his early life, and evincing the simple-hearted love of an affectionate, honest, manly English boy. Interspersed with Father Law's own letters are some others which relate to him from relations and other friends. To our mind there is a special interest in the letters from the chaplain of his ship. We give one little extract, showing how the glorious death for Christ in a far-off land was probably the reward (as in St. Francis Xavier's case) of the unsullied purity of a stainless youth. The Rev. W. L. Onslow writes from H.M.S. *Carysfort* in 1848 (when the boy was fifteen years old)—

You will receive him, as he left you, pure in principle, and uncontaminated by the vices that he may have seen during the last two years. I cannot say too much for his Christian character, and which has been witnessed by all. I fear not but that the seed sown so early and well will yet spring up more and more abundantly throughout the varied scenes of his life. Evidently by nature and disposition he was intended for a higher and holier calling (p. 83).

The author of *Ulrich's Money* and *Justin's Martyrdom* has just completed six out of a projected list of fourteen short stories for children.⁵ Intended primarily for the young, they will be read with profit and pleasure by older people. *Veni Creator ; or Ulrich's Money*, relates how a little German villager in the Black Forest is rewarded by God for his devotion to the Holy Ghost with a call to the priesthood and a missionary life in this country. *Credo ; or Justin's Martyrdom*, tells, after the manner of *Loss and Gain*, the process by which an undergraduate at one of our Universities is brought into the Church, how he values the gift all the more, because, like so many converts, he has to be in his every day fashion a martyr to his faith, and how his fidelity is finally crowned by a vocation to become that, which every priest must be, "nameless, and, save to Christ and His poor, unknown." Throughout both the one and the other of these two stories, there seems to run the yearning of a mind, which, itself brought into peace and rest, looks anxiously for dear friends still groping their way in uncertainty. Well written, full of sound instruction and solid piety conveyed in an attractive form, these stories are a valuable addition to our Catholic literature for the young.

⁵ *Veni Creator ; or Ulrich's Money*, and *Credo ; or Justin's Martyrdom*. By Rev. Fr. Drew. R. Washbourne.

Miss Stewart has published a volume⁶ of simple little stories, some of them apparently adapted from the French and German, and others original. Their object is to show the value of the self-denying services rendered by the Christian Brothers in the instruction of the lower orders. It is always a pleasure to hear more of their praiseworthy labours, which come so little before the world that but few persons are aware of the amount of real good effected through their agency. We think it is a pity that the authoress should have placed the upper classes in so invidious a light as she has done—

Oh, the callous, selfish rich, the drones of the human hive! What would become of them but for the working bees who gather the honey? (p. 143.)

This is quite true of *some* of the rich, but in a book meant for general circulation it is scarcely wise or just to make so sweeping an assertion. The writer seems entirely to overlook the countless works of charity so liberally supported by the wealthy classes in England, who are always ready to help the distressed, and to come to the rescue of those who ask their alms.

We are glad to see the demand for the Biography of Mary Aikenhead⁷ has been so great as to require the issue of a second popular edition so soon after the appearance of the first. And, although the new edition is smaller and much more handy than its predecessor, its matter is quite as full, some notes even have been added, and errors removed. The book has an interest over and above its record of the life and labours of the Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity, in the picturesque sketch of the penal days in Ireland with which it opens, and the events and celebrities of contemporary history interwoven with the main course of its narrative.

The Superioress of the Nottingham Convent has published a series of instructive and pious conferences⁸ addressed by her to the Confraternity of the Little Company of Mary." They are the work of one who is herself striving earnestly onward on the road to perfection, and who is anxious to lead others along the same happy path. We are glad to learn from this volume that the numbers of the confraternity are increasing, as devotion to

⁶ *Stories of the Christian Schools.* By Elizabeth M. Stewart. London: Burns and Oates.

⁷ *Mary Aikenhead, her Life, her Work, and her Friends.* Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

⁸ *Mary's Conferences to her Loving Children.* London: Thos. Richardson.

our Lady is a sure harbour of refuge amid all the storms and tempests which threaten the young Catholic in the dangerous journey of life.

A most beautiful little work on *The Church's Festivals*,⁹ by Mr. Fleuss, is now being published, and we recommend it heartily to our readers. It is issued in weekly numbers and in monthly parts. Each weekly number contains four pages of letterpress and two artistic and skilfully-drawn illustrations of saint or festival, printed in colours, valuable to every lover of Catholic art, and admirably suited for the instruction of children, to whom it is so important to appeal by eye as well as ear. We hope to see every Catholic family subscribing to this series, which is a marvel of cheapness, each number only costing sixpence, and the designs are in good taste and well executed.

P.S.—Mgr. Capel's pamphlet on *Great Britain and Rome* has reached us only in time to allow of our drawing attention to the important subject treated of by its talented author. We hope to notice it more at length in our next number.

II.—MAGAZINES.

FIRST and foremost among the Quarterly Reviews we turn with instinctive loyalty and affection to the *Dublin*, the worthy representative of Catholic thought in England. The number opens with a detailed and very interesting account of the Jesuit Mission of the Zambesi, where the Society of Jesus has at length established a little group of stations and has already seen several of its missionaries, both priests and lay-brothers, die in the flower of their age. Mr. Earle following in an article on "English Men and Letters," traces out the Catholic element which has run through English literature even in the most Protestant days. The third article bearing the honoured name of Dr. Ward, carries on the long and successful warfare of that veteran in the cause of Truth. The advance of time has given Dr. Ward a more thorough knowledge of his opponents and consequently a greater skill in detecting and exposing their sophisms. Yet we are glad to see that he is constructive rather than destructive in dealing with "The Philosophy of the

⁹ *The Church Festivals*. By H. P. Fleuss. (May be had from the Author, 19, St. George's Square, Regent's Park, N.W.)

Theistic Controversy." We will not attempt an analysis or discussion of his arguments: we must content ourselves with heartily recommending our readers to study carefully his article for themselves. Any of our readers who have seen Mr. Woolsey Bacon's fancy portrait of St. Francis de Sales in a recent number of *Macmillan*, will do well to read the able defence of the Saint in which the *Dublin* corrects the many misrepresentations that are only excusable because it is impossible for a Protestant writer thoroughly to understand in what sanctity consists. Dr. Thijm reviews some recent works on Germany, and the Bishop of Ossory gives us an insight into the cruel hardships and persecution which beset the faith of Ireland, even less than a century ago, and makes the continuance of her devoted loyalty to the Church a miracle of heroic constancy. The other two articles on the recent canonizations and on the Land League, are also well worth reading, and the notices of books and periodicals are an useful guide to Catholic readers.

The *Edinburgh Review* has an article on Irish discontent, written with a good deal of the accustomed tone of Protestant ascendancy, but at the same time acknowledging that there are still many Catholic grievances which call for redress. Its description of the *Freeman's Journal* will amuse our Irish readers—

It [the *Freeman's Journal*] has three distinct political characters, which puzzle a constant reader. It is a sound Liberal journal, in thorough sympathy with the fortunes of the great Liberal party of the United Kingdom; it is a passionate national journal, reflecting with more or less clearness the varied shapes of a movement singularly unstable in character; it is a trenchant Ultramontane journal, raving like Veuillot against the religious policy of Continental powers, and supporting the schemes of Irish Catholicism with the zeal of a Seminarian (p. 173).

The general drift of the article is, that by spreading education and giving the people a larger share in the government of the country, we shall at the same time "weaken nationalism," and "enable Protestants and Catholics to understand one another." If this means that the object of the educational and political concessions is to make Irishmen love their country less, and have less attachment to their faith, we cannot be surprised if they approach the boons offered them with a good deal of suspicion and not much gratitude.

The *Quarterly Review* has a very trenchant and, we think, in many respects well-founded article on the Revision of the New Testament. In most of its criticisms Catholics will agree—*e.g.*, in its condemnation of the attempt to substitute *epileptic* for *lunatic* as a translation of *σεληνιάζεται*; in the pointed change of *miracle* into *sign* as the equivalent of *σημεῖον*, and the substitution of the “more palatable” *eternal* for *everlasting* in reference to the punishment of the wicked. As the representative of Conservatism it naturally does not love the many and often needless changes in the old Anglican version, nor does it spare the Revisers themselves :

They had a noble version before them, which they have contrived to mar in every part. Its dignified simplicity and essential faithfulness, its manly grace and its delightful rhythm, they have shown themselves alike incapable of imitating, and unwilling to relax. Their uncouth phraseology and their jerky sentences : their pedantic obscurity and their stiff, constrained manner : their fidgetty affectation of accuracy, and their habitual achievement of English which fails to exhibit the spirit of the original Greek, are sorry substitutes for the noble freshness, and elastic freedom, and habitual fidelity of the grand old version which we inherited from our fathers.

The article is well worth reading, if only showing how the Revision is what we always believed it, an apple of discord and an important element of disintegration to the Establishment.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* has an interesting article on the present state of linguistic studies, in which, arguing from the premiss that there can be no real advances in this direction so long as the study of language is disjoined from that of true philosophy and true religion, it urges upon our Catholic youth the importance of giving serious attention to the subject, specially with a view to being able to combat those false and heretical views which are so often based upon the mistaken interpretation of ancient writings. But the most important pages of the serial are those in which is discussed the attitude of the Italian Government towards the Holy Father, and the consequences which the obstinacy of an evil-minded oligarchy is likely to draw down upon Italy. Already, says the writer, that country finds herself in a position of almost entire isolation, her attempts at alliances with other Powers frustrated on every side, yet while it is apparent that European political opinion is tending towards the restoration of the temporal power, while the people of Italy desire it, and while it would be perfectly possible by choosing another capital to

find a peaceful solution of the Vatican question by realising the old idea of a Sovereign Pope in an independent Italy, her present rulers will never voluntarily give up Rome. What matters it to them that the interests of their country and people are at stake so long as their party reigns supreme? Leo the Thirteenth however, says the writer, though now insultingly spoken of as an impotent pretender, will appear in the pages of history not merely as a great Pope but a great Italian, because in defending the Papacy he is supporting Italy against an oligarchy which is nothing but the instrument of her ruin.

The *Katholik* well deserves its name as a zealous and loyal supporter of the rights of the Holy See, and the Authority of the Church. The current number calls attention to an essay from the able pen of the archæologist and palæologist, De Rossi, concerning a MS. dating from the eighth century, lately discovered in the Imperial Archives of St. Petersburg, which throws light on the much vexed question of the identity of St. Hippolytus, Priest and Martyr, with St. Hippolytus, Father of the Church, not to mention a third of the same name mentioned in Martyrology, Hippolytus de Porto. It also gives, in a review of Dr. Pelesz's recent work, an excellent synopsis of the History of the Church in Russia and Austria, and its struggles with the State. The articles on the "New Theory of Space" which have appeared in the two last numbers of the *Katholik* are excellent in themselves, and will, we think, be of great interest to the philosophic reader.

The recovery of a friend who was supposed to be dying is always an occasion of joy, but if our dying friend had announced his own proximate decease, we should rejoice all the more at his change of mind. The December number of *Catholic Progress* bid adieu to its readers, to the great regret of all who had been interested and instructed by its varied charms. We are glad to say that a good physician was found who has infused a new life into our excellent little contemporary, and we welcome the new January number with best wishes for its success and permanence. We will only add that it is full of good and attractive matter, and that the disappearance of the break which divided the pages into two narrow columns makes it far easier reading than before.

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